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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 189.—Vol. XV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 17, 1907 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lanefiér, 23a, Old Bond Street*

THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND

The Duchess is *spirituelle*, and, at her receptions, the artistic and literary celebrities of the hour are lionised. Her Grace's victim of the moment is Rodin, the eminent sculptor

No. 189.—Vol. XV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES.

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Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday July 17, 1907

The weather has been responsible for a good deal of trade depression, but chemists are grateful for it. They say that, now the arrangements for Cowes Week are completed, they can scarcely cope with the demand of amateur yachtsmen and women for cures for sea-sickness.

* * *

Suffragettes are inclined to doubt the truth of the story about the husband of the Finnish lady M.P., who tried to commit suicide because his wife neglected her home for politics. In any case, they deny that it gives the Finnishing touch to the Votes for Women movement.

* * *

A secret league, says the *Corrispondenza Romana*, has been started, having for its object the Abolition of the Index Expurgatorius. The more ardent spirits think the Pope might learn a good deal if he were allowed to peruse Mr. Hall Caine's work, and, anyway, royalties would go up.

* * *

A motor-car fixed in mid-air is this week's attraction at Earl's Court, and those who are a little nervous about motoring, and do not care about entering a balloon, may find in this novel machine a happy medium suited to their tastes. Goggles are not *de rigueur*, but, combined with a white yachting cap, will certainly add to the *tout ensemble*.

* * *

"Distracted" writes to us to ask whether an Ideal Policy would cover the case of a Bogus Hospital Nurse who, coming to the house on the pretext of nursing the children through measles, injures herself while trying to open a jewel-case for the purpose of abstracting the contents? It all depends, of course, upon whether she is a "Casual" worker, but we think the police would probably look after her until she was capable of resuming work.

* * *

At the opening meeting of the Amateur Football Association, a good deal of stress was laid on the fact that it was "not a class" movement. It is to be hoped, however, that rival organisations will not fall into the error of supposing that the A.F.A. is "no class."

Notice to Quit

VICAR: "I hear you have formed a reprehensible habit of walking out with young women; not one young woman only, but many"

CURATE: "Well, sir, there's safety in numbers"

VICAR: "Perhaps, but I think you had better find your safety in Exodus"

(By R. F. SMITH)

The Borstal system, under which lads sentenced to more than twelve months' imprisonment are taught a trade, is stated by Sir Ralph Littler to be a great success. Parents, to whom the problem of "What to do with our boys?" still remains a difficult one, may be interested to learn of this very cheap method of apprenticing their sons.

* * *

Ambidexterity is the subject of an enthusiastic article in the current *Strand Magazine*, and the simultaneous work of a young artist, who draws pictures with her right hand and writes an account of them with her left, is given to illustrate the value of this faculty. We quite agree that if only more artists would write down with their left hands what it is they are painting with their right—before they have forgotten—it would save visitors to picture galleries a world of trouble.

* * *

Gooseberry mildew, in which the Board of Trade is so interested, seems likely to make the appearance of the giant gooseberry impracticable. Perhaps some enterprising reporter will save the situation by coming forward with a giant mildew?

* * *

It is nice to know that "a wonderful desire is evident this season for self-culture," and that "even the busiest *débutantes* are finding time to perfect their knowledge of Continental tongues and study Hindustani and Japanese." If *débutantes* can learn in a season what some people spend their lives in learning, it is time that the odious term "butterflies" was dropped. How about Busy Bees?

* * *

We sympathise with Lady Auckland's inability "to be at her shop last week, as she was commanded by the Duchess of Albany to go to Claremont." (See *Morning Post.*) It was thoughtless of the Duchess to issue that command. But it must have been a satisfaction to her ladyship to remember that, as there are similar shops to her own, customers were no doubt able to satisfy their wants elsewhere. Still, it was very, very thoughtless of the Duchess.

Please Read your Fire Policy

The new Compensation Act, and the articles which have appeared in the *Telegraph*, *Mail*, and other papers as to the best way of insuring against its risks, have, I hope, opened the eyes of the British householder to the fact that, while some insurance policies are good, others are very bad indeed. While this knowledge is fresh in his mind, it would be greatly to his advantage if he would apply it to the case of fire insurance, and take the trouble to examine his own fire policy, for some of them are simply frauds upon the public. If he does so, he will find (probably on the back of the policy) a mass of closely printed matter headed "Conditions," and among it a very long clause providing that if there is a fire, and he and the Company cannot agree as to the amount of damage done, the question is to go to arbitration. Let him read the clause carefully to see if it contains a sentence like this: "Each of the parties shall bear his own costs of the reference, and shall pay one moiety of the costs of the award." If it does, I strongly advise him to insure elsewhere, unless the company will consent to strike out the objectionable sentence.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

The Cause Célebre of the Hour

Baron von Eckhardstein leaving the Courts with his counsel, Mr. Rawlinson, K.C. His wife, the daughter of the late Sir Blundell Maple, has been asking for a judicial separation

Traps for the Unwary

The way it works is this. Take the case of an owner of a country house who has insured his furniture, etc., for £5,000, and suppose that he upsets a spirit lamp, or the housemaid drops some hot coals on the carpet, doing four or five pounds' worth of damage. If he makes a claim, the company will probably pay in full by return of post, and so get an excellent advertisement at a moderate cost. But suppose that there is a really bad fire, and that the contents of the house are damaged to the extent of £4,000. Then, unless the owner is an eminent solicitor, or is in some other position which makes it dangerous for the company to quarrel with him, they will demand documentary evidence as to what articles were in the house on the day of the fire, and the value of each, and after a few weeks will offer from half to two-thirds of the loss, according to the completeness of the evidence which the owner has been able to supply.

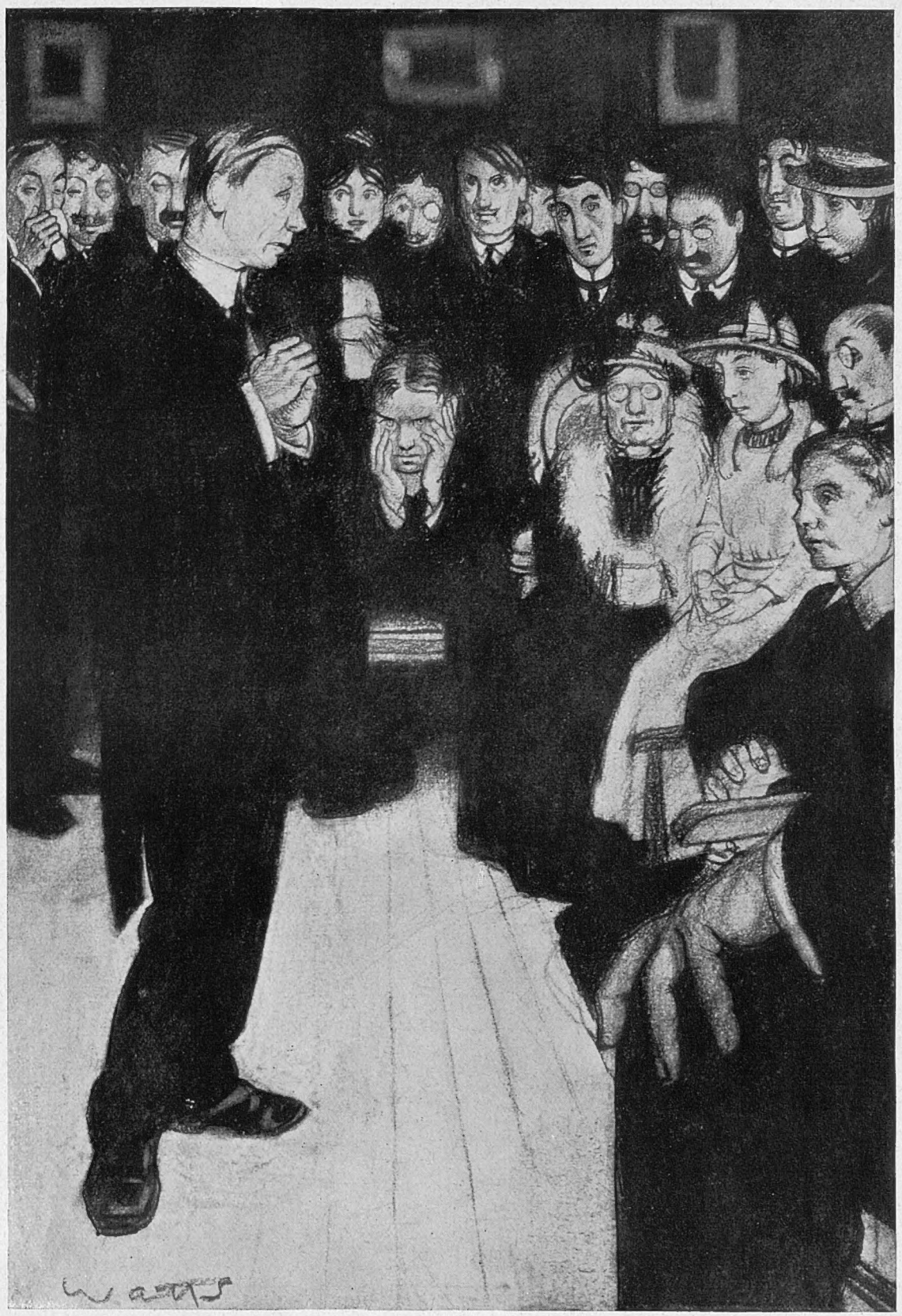
The Perils of Arbitration

Naturally, the owner will be indignant, and will wish to commence proceedings against the company, but his solicitor (if he is an honest man) will be compelled to advise him that, in the interests of his own pocket, he had better accept the offer and bear the balance of the loss himself, for he has agreed to pay all his own costs, which cannot come to less than four or five hundred pounds, and may be very much more, in any event, whether he wins or loses. If the offer is so inadequate that he determines to run the risk, the dispute will have to go to arbitration under the clause in the conditions, and will be heard in a private room, with no reporters present. Taking advantage of this fact, the company's counsel will badger the wretched owner for several days, calling upon him to produce vouchers for the price paid for every article in the house, even his wedding presents. As no one can produce complete evidence of the value of the whole contents of a private house, the owner cannot recover all the damage he has suffered, and, after allowing for his costs, *must* be out of pocket by the arbitration.

Is There a Remedy?

It is easier to point out the evil than to suggest a remedy, for though there are plenty of companies who do not insert the provision as to costs, all of them, as far as I know, have the arbitration clause, which I consider a very unfair one. If householders could only be got to combine together and insure abroad, or at Lloyd's, until the English fire companies gave them fair treatment, the thing would be done. The premium might be slightly higher, but it would be well worth the money. But in the meantime I strongly advise all readers of THE BYSTANDER to have nothing to do with any policy which contains the costs clause.

A New Impressionist Artist



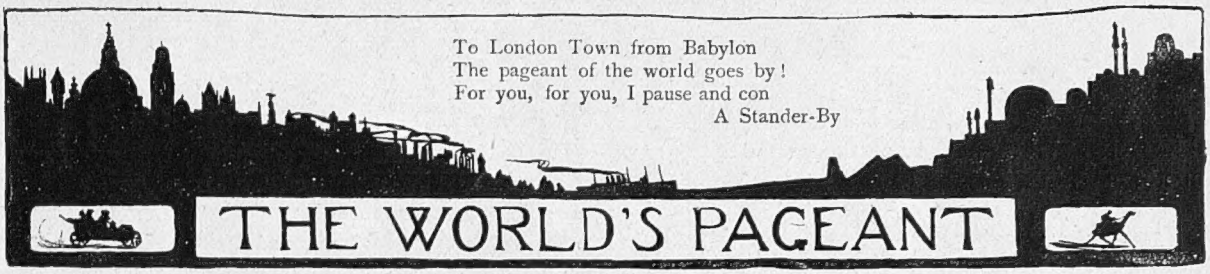
THE ELOCUTION CLASS

BY ARTHUR WATTS

A Famous Romney Reset

Miss Buchanan

The daughter of Sir George Buchanan, C.B., Minister Plenipotentiary at Sofia, and of Lady Georgina Buchanan, daughter of the sixth Earl of Bathurst



Queen Victoria and the Stuarts

An intense pride in her Stuart forbears was one of the late Queen's most marked and, in view of her highly virtuous character, most feminine traits. Her descent from the Stuarts through James I. was always a source of keen satisfaction to her, and she never forgave Lord Macaulay for a certain indiscretion he committed in this connection. The great historian was more famous for his erudition than for his knowledge of Courts, and he failed constantly in that agreeable lip-service which, from their courtiers, is the meed of kings — and queens. Her Majesty once, in the course of a conversation, referred to Charles I. as an ancestor of hers. This was too much for Lord Macaulay. "Not an ancestor, ma'am," he bowed, "only a collateral." And the Queen was cross.

* * *

A Little Stuart Prince

There was never a period when the Royal Family was more popular, so it may seem a little incredible that there are probably in Great Britain, at this moment, something like five hundred great families who are at heart Jacobites and Legitimists. Our photograph (the first taken) of the six-months-old Prince Alfonso Fernando of Spain should interest them, for this Spanish-Bavarian baby Prince is literally the last of the Stuarts, and, according to the Jacobite creed, "Legitimate and Rightful Sovereign of these Realms." His father is Prince Ferdinand Maria of Bavaria, son of the Archduchess Mary of Modena-Este, last lineal descendant of the Stuart Kings of England and Scotland, and styled "Mary IV." by the Jacobites. His mother, the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, is the only surviving sister of King Alfonso. Her marriage, two years ago, had the non-Royal advantage of being one of affection and inclination. Both she and her husband stand in the Spanish line of succession, and at one time the Prince's sister, Princess Maria del Pilar of Bavaria, who much resembles her grandmother, Queen Isabella, was spoken of as a likely future Queen of Spain. Our English "Princess Ena," however, took up that position, and attended, six months ago, the christening of the Stuart Prince, who is now first cousin to her own little son, the Prince of Asturias.

Photo *L.E.A.*

The Crown Prince of Portugal

Who is now undertaking a tour, on the ss. *Afrique*, to his father's African possessions

* * *

The Crown Prince of Portugal

Taken on board the packet-boat *Afrique*, our photograph of the young Crown Prince of Portugal shows that rather vapid young man on his way out to Africa to tour through the Portuguese possessions in that great continent. In appearance his Royal Highness bids fair to resemble closely his father, King Carlos, the stoutest monarch in Europe, but in character, at present, at any rate, the young Prince would appear to take after neither his father nor his mother, the charming daughter of the Comtesse de Paris. He throws back rather to those ancestors of his who found Brazil a pleasanter, laxer place to live in than Portugal, and who, in their efforts after ease and enjoyment, neglected their kingly and Imperial duties in both. The Crown Prince is the great-grandson of that Queen Maria II. who married Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg, the

The Last of the Stuarts

The six-months-old Prince Alfonso Fernando, the son of Ferdinand Maria of Bavaria and the Infanta Maria Theresa of Spain, is the last lineal descendant of the Stuart Kings of England and Scotland, his father's mother being the Archduchess Mary of Modena-Este, styled by the Jacobites and Legitimists, of whom there are still many in England, "Mary IV."

Diplomats on Leave

cousin of both Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, and he is a great-great-nephew of the second and last Emperor of Brazil.

* * *

The Portuguese Succession

Dom Carlos, the present King of Portugal, shows a forgiving and progressive spirit in his avowed intention to visit Brazil next year. Brazil expelled his forbears, those both of Braganza and of Saxe-Coburg, in 1889. They had previously, however, when Napoleon drove the Portuguese Royalties into exile, very warmly welcomed King John when he sought shelter in the Portuguese Colony of Brazil. His son, Dom Pedro II., so much preferred the colony to Portugal that he set up as Emperor there, leaving an unpopular daughter to act as Regent over his European possessions. Just at the present time, the Portuguese throne is but poorly provided with male heirs. The King has two sons and an unmarried brother; after them comes the present King of Saxony, who would inherit through his mother, the Princess Maria Anna of Portugal, wife of King George of Saxony.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

Sir Frank Lascelles

The English Ambassador at Berlin, now enjoying a well-earned holiday in London

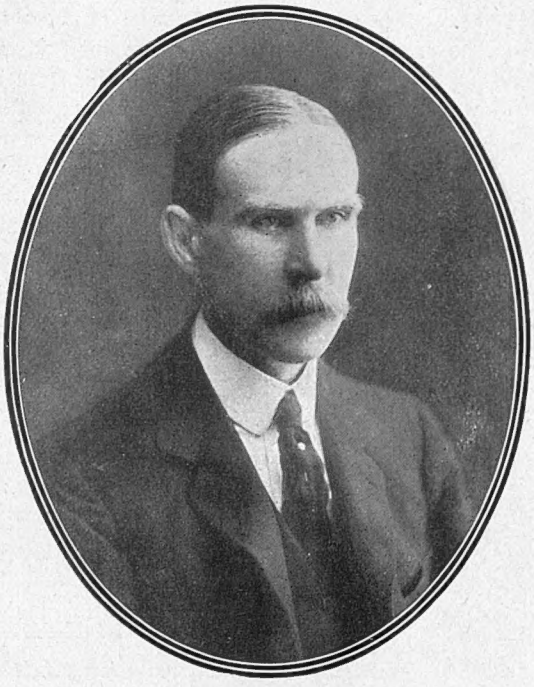
Diplomats on Leave

This is a close time for diplomats. Fortunately for them and for their wives, the season in London begins as others end. Most of them, therefore, find it possible to take their leave at a time when London is at its very best, and when they are sure of meeting all their friends assembled there. Our Ambassador at Berlin, Sir Frank Lascelles, after an arduous season of mayors, editors, and Kaisers, is taking a well-earned holiday in Carlos Place with his sister, Lady Edward Cavendish. He will be in England again in November to attend the Kaiser when he pays the promised visit to Windsor. Yet another Berlin Embassy official at present in London is Lord Granville, whose transference to Paris, it is expected, will not now be long delayed. His grandfather was Ambassador there for many years under Charles X. and Louis Philippe, and that city, therefore, has close associations for him.

* * *

Leave in Ireland

Most of the leave which Sir William Conyngham Greene, our Minister to the Court of Roumania, is taking will be spent in Ireland. Lady Lily Greene,



Photos

Sir Conyngham Greene

Stéphanie Maud

Lady Lily Greene

Our Minister to the Court of Roumania is, with his wife, spending his leave almost entirely in Ireland, at the beautiful Wexford house of Lady Greene's father, Lord Courtown

A Millionaire Widow

who has been spending the season in London, is the daughter of Lord Courtown, and at Courtown House, Co. Wexford, therefore, their Excellencies are making their Irish headquarters. Bucharest at present is deserted by Court and Society, the Court being at Sinaia, a lovely town on the Carpathians. The oft-repeated rumour that the Queen of Roumania intends purchasing an Irish home probably owes a part of its existence to the fact that the wife of our Minister to Roumania is an Irishwoman. Carmen Sylva, however, has never forgotten the impression the country made upon her when she visited it some years ago. Kylemore, the lovely seat of the Duke of Manchester, has been suggested as a fitting holiday home for so delightful a Queen. Certainly no place could form a more suitable setting. Philanthropist, artist, writer, scientist, and poet, the Queen of Roumania is one of the most versatile women of her day, as well as the most romantic, and it is probable that if she ever did sit down to write a story of Irish life, it would be a masterpiece of insight into that much misunderstood and most distressful country.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Mrs. Potter Palmer

The wealthy American widow whom Rumour announced a fortnight ago as engaged to the King of Servia, and last week to the Earl of Munster

* * *

Gold from Chicago

"If not yourself, who would you be?" the famous question once asked the King, was the other day propounded to a lady whose birth and beauty are as high as her monetary resources are low. "Why, Mrs. Potter Palmer, of course!" was the immediate answer, and not a few at that dinner-table heartily concurred. In London, to-day, only two things are necessary to ensure universal right of entry and entire success when entered. They are money and the knowledge of how to spend it. Mrs. Potter Palmer has both. The fabulously wealthy widow of a Chicago hotel-keeper, she has the art of entertaining at her fingers' ends. Perfect dinners,

Photo *Valentine*

Dunecht Castle: Sir Weetman Pearson's new Scottish seat

Dunecht was formerly the seat of the Earls of Crawford in Aberdeenshire, but it has now been acquired by Sir Weetman Pearson, the millionaire contractor and M.P. for Colchester

A Type of Russian Beauty

superb concerts, these are her speciality. The other night, Olive Fremstad came over specially from Paris to sing, for Mrs. Palmer's guests, the Censor-tabooed *Salome* of Oscar Wilde and Strauss. The next morning, her fame having spread, she repeated her performance, this time for a most exalted audience. Unhappy people, other than Mrs. Palmer's friends, have to live without such treats. Wherefore, Mrs. Palmer's invitations are as sought after as a queen's.

* * *

Morning Tea and a Proposal

It is popularly supposed that Mrs. Potter Palmer takes a proposal of marriage with her morning tea just as you and I take a piece of bread and butter. According to those inexhaustible founts of information, the American newspapers, a day without a proposal is, as it were, a "no-ball" with Mrs. Palmer. The chief point of it is missing. A short time ago (again *vide* the New York Press) the King of Servia was the suppliant. He offered to make the lady Queen of Servia would she but bring her four hundred thousand dollars per annum into his country. A week ago, the Earl of Munster, a bachelor and a none too wealthy Peer of some forty-five summers, was said to have made her just such another offer. For neither rumour does there seem much foundation in hard fact, though, of course, of the two the Munster-Tewkesbury alliance is the more probable. So clever a woman as Mrs. Palmer would naturally prefer to reign a social queen in Mayfair than a queen over twenty unsociable and slightly unstable kingdoms elsewhere. Anyway, it must be deliciously exciting to be Mrs. Potter Palmer. Unlimited wealth, the historic home of the Hamiltons for her London residence, a palace in New York, a lovely house in Paris, at Goodwood and Cowes, the best there is going, and a proposal per diem—what more could the heart of woman desire? Even for the possessor of millions, however, there are certainly proposals and proposals, just as there are kings and kings.

Photo *Cosway*

The Princess Galetzene

A beautiful Russian, who has been spending the season in London

* * *

The Seat of the Crawfords

Dunecht Castle, the former seat of the Earls of Crawford in Aberdeenshire, has been acquired by Sir Weetman Pearson, the wealthy contractor and Member for Colchester. The late Earl built Dunecht, and made it his chief residence, but the family have never cared to reside there since his body, after being brought from Florence, where he died, was so mysteriously stolen from the family vault. The present Lord Crawford makes Balcarres, an old and for long alienated seat of the family—the seat from which he derives his second title of Balcarres—his principal Scottish residence. Dunecht is a stately mansion, surrounded by four hundred acres of pleasure gardens, and an estate which brings in £5,000 a year, and it is well known to astronomers as the place where the present Lord Crawford equipped the splendid observatory which he subsequently presented to the nation, together with his astronomical library.

* * *

Its Purchaser

Its present owner, Sir Weetman Pearson, is a self-made man of the people, who laid the foundations of his vast wealth as a contractor for Mexican Railways, and he is a splendid example of what grit and perseverance can achieve. Both Lady Pearson and he were brought up in an atmosphere of poverty and toil, if not in actual participation therein, and for this reason Lady Pearson's avowed sympathy with the Women's Suffrage Cause is of untold value thereto, for it is such women who can do more than any others for its advancement. She knows both sides of the question. To-day, Sir Weetman and Lady Pearson's son and heir is married to Miss Beryl Churchill, a cousin of the Duke of Marlborough, and Sir Weetman has just given them a beautiful house in Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. Their daughter, to whom, on her wedding day, her devoted parents gave a string of pearls valued at over £50,000, is the wife of Lord Denman, a gentleman-in-waiting on the King. Lady Denman is tall, and very pale, with that paleness which red hair gives, and in appearance, in regard to rude health at any rate, she does not betray her non-patrician ancestry.

* * *

A Type of Russian Beauty

The Princess Galetzene, though a Russian by birth and domicile, is, in appearance, as much unlike the typical Russian as it is possible to be. Her beauty is entirely of the classic English order, and in complexion also she betrays no sign of Slav origin. The Princess has been spending the season in London with friends at Chelsea, but she is now in Paris trying to forget the weather.

Royalty in Ireland

THE KING AND QUEEN VISIT THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

His Majesty's Arrival at the Irish International Exhibition

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The King and Queen begin their tour of inspection

Photo *Lafayette*

The King congratulates Lord Aberdeen on the success of the Exhibition, and asks him to convey his thanks to the Irish nation for their splendid welcome

Though of such short duration, the Royal visit to Ireland has been an unqualified success. Their Majesties paid a visit to the Dublin Exhibition on the first day, where they were extremely pleased with everything they saw, especially in the Irish Industries Section, and on the second day they were present at the Leopardstown Race Meeting, held by Royal Command. On each occasion they were welcomed by large and enthusiastic crowds

Mark Twain's "Alleybi"

The Irish Visit and the State Jewels

In spite of the disappearance of the St. Patrick Regalia, the Irish visit was a huge success. The lifting of the jewels, in fact, like the lifting of the Ascot Cup, seemed rather to add to the general gaiety of things. People in whose charge the jewels lay entrusted doubtless sat at home and groaned, and poor Lord Castletown, perhaps, felt a little out it; but to those no nearer concerned, the coincidence and the daring of the thing impelled a kind of shamefaced admiration just as it had at Ascot. Despite the suspicion which encircles him with regard to the loss of the Ascot Cup, Mark Twain has been able to clear his character completely with regard to the State jewels. Mayors and University dignitaries would, if called upon, be able to account for almost every moment of his last week or two's stay, for he has been far too busy attending luncheons and dinners to pay a visit to the Emerald Isle. Dr. Samuel Clemens has, therefore, been able to adapt to his own personal needs Mr. Tony Weller's famous advice to his son on the memorable occasion of Mr. Pickwick's trial: "There's nothing like a alleybi, Sammy, nothing. Never mind the character, but stick to the alleybi."

* * *

"Caed Mille Failthe"

In Ireland, it is said the unexpected always happens. During the recent Royal visit, the rule proved true in one respect and justified itself by an exception in another. The weather proved the rule. Tears and mighty windy sighs were expected. Sunshine and sweet calms were given us. Where the Royal welcome was concerned the expected happened—happened right royally. Ireland welcomed the King and Queen with a hundred-thousand welcomes—"Caed mille failthe." The green pastures put on their greenest hue; the blue mountains and the silver sea encircling Leopardstown their deepest blue, their loveliest silver. The visit to the Irish Exhibition? It was a compliment to Irish industry and Irish achievement. A race-meeting at Leopardstown? It was an appeal to the darling passion of the Irishman. Beautiful horses, pretty women, a radiant sun, an element of chance—it takes no more to make an Irish holiday.

Photo *Lafayette*

The Stolen State Jewels

Lord Cadogan wearing the famous State jewels, valued at over £50,000, which have mysteriously disappeared from Dublin Castle. Mark Twain has been able to take advantage of Mr. Tony Weller's advice, "Never mind the character, but stick to the alleybi"

A Crowded Week

Once their Majesties give their minds to it, they can get through more work in a day than an ordinary mortal in a week. Certainly, we have not at our disposal swift motors and special trains and officials who exist only for the purpose of Royal despatch. Nevertheless, a tour such as that undertaken in Wales and Ireland by the King and Queen last week requires no small amount of industry as well as zeal. A Welsh day—such a Welsh day—with Welsh addresses, Welsh harps, Welsh prayers, Welsh songs, Welsh vowels, Welsh mountains, Welsh welcomes, was followed by two long Irish days of exhibitions, garden-parties, and race-meetings, and these again were followed by yet another day in Wales, when the King and Queen opened the new deep-water dock at Cardiff, and were the guests for luncheon of the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute at Cardiff Castle. Truly, a well-filled programme of events.

* * *

Eton v. Harrow

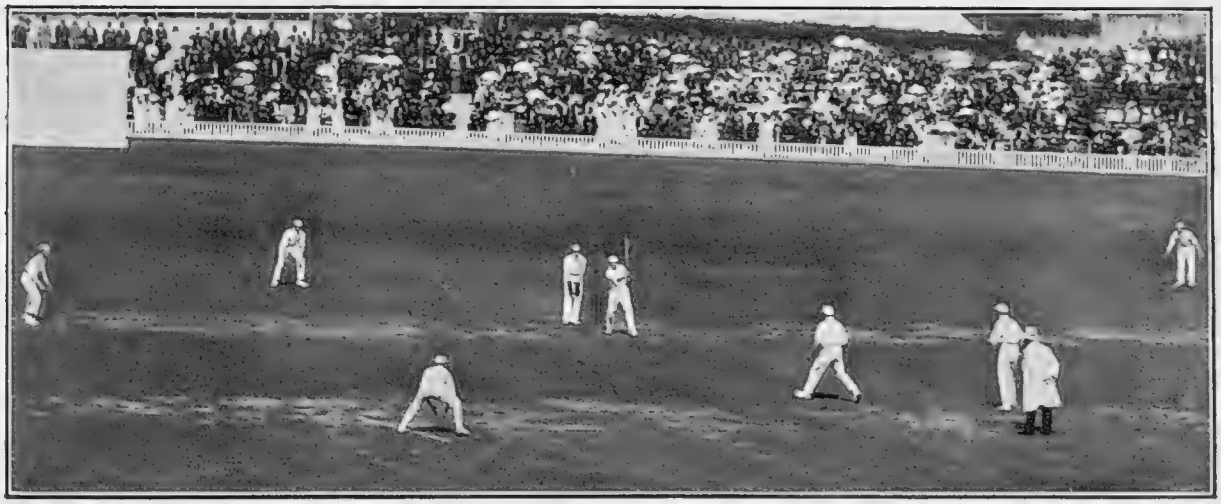
Anything more typical, more redolent of leisured England and England's leisured sons than Lord's on the day of the Eton and Harrow match it would be difficult to find. A foreigner, I thought, as I surveyed the charming scene last Friday, would be first bored, then amazed, then amused. All these boys, these children; these fathers, and sisters, and mothers; these eleven "men," that absurd, that omnipotent ball? What does it all mean? Can it be but a game? Then, why so serious? It is agreed it doesn't really matter which side wins. If Eton doesn't, Harrow will, and there are good fish in both. Yet the historic contest gets, year by year, more keen. In the interval, when the sun shines as it shone last Friday, and suspense and a captain's century are the order of the day, for the boys there is a nervous, side-glancing pilotage of one's people to be got through; for the fathers, a renewal of old acquaintance and old friendship; for the mothers, a thorough examination of other people's sons' points; and for the sisters, a delicious peep into that Eve's paradise which is the "other side." Altogether, it is a function not to be missed—typical, delightful, youthful, and completely wholesome.

Eton v. Harrow at Lord's

FINE WEATHER AND A RECORD ATTENDANCE FAVOUR THE MATCH

Watching the Match from Coaches

The first really fine days we have experienced this summer brought a gay and brilliant crowd to watch the Eton and Harrow match last week, and there were many coaches present, including those of Lord Ancaster and the 1st and 2nd Life Guards



M. C. Bird, the Harrow Captain, bowling to K. L. Gibson

At the close of play on the first day of the match the advantage seemed to lie with Eton, but on Saturday Harrow closed their innings with 382 runs, while Eton only scored 314. M. C. Bird, the Harrow Captain, created a record for this match by scoring 100 not out on Friday and 131 on Saturday

A Forthcoming Marriage

The "Decadence" Controversy

A great deal of nonsense is being written in the papers just now about the decadence of the present generation, because, forsooth, we have recently been beaten by foreigners in several events. For the moment, Englishmen may not hold the championship at lawn tennis, or the Grand Cup at Henley, and a few other minor prizes, but there is little doubt that, taking it all round, the Englishman is still pre-eminent in sport. There is one thing that these carping critics should remember: the sportsman can take a licking as well as give one.

* * *

A Notable Hound Show

The hunting man who has never visited the Peterborough Hound Show has neglected his education. It would be simply a revelation to him, for he would see there an amazing collection of the grandest hounds in the world, and he would meet such a gathering of Masters of Hounds as only comes together once a year—on this occasion at Peterborough. It has been remarked that the lack of interest taken in hounds by the modern hunting man is one of the greatest menaces to the prosperity of the sport, and I believe it to be true. Well, let the sportsman in question visit the Peterborough Show when it comes round again, and I vow that his interest in hounds and their work will be increased tenfold. To name all the prominent people who were present at the Show last week would be to call for more space than is at my disposal. But it can be said that the attendance was thoroughly representative, such keen Masters as the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Bathurst, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Leconfield, Lord Yarborough, Lord Manvers, and the Marquis of Waterford, all being there. The ladies, too, were present in good numbers, and especially on their behalf one felt sorry that it was such a miserably wet day. Lady Willoughby de Broke, the Duchess of Hamilton, Lady Barbara Smith, Mrs. George Fitzwilliam, Lady Edith Wickham, and Mrs. J. B. Heywood-Lonsdale, were among those whom I noticed watching the judging very attentively.

* * *

The Chief Winners at Peterborough

Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison, the popular Master of the Hertfordshire, had a great triumph when his beautiful hound Sampler defeated all the cracks from more fashionable countries, and carried off the prize for the best stallion in the Show. A corresponding honour among the bitches fell to Saintly, who came from Mr. Dudley Smith's pack, the Croome. Mr. Gerald Hardy, who brought the Atherstone up to a high standard of excellence a few years ago, is now doing the same thing for the Meynell, and he had the satisfaction of winning the prize for the best couple of dog-hounds with Plato and Rallywood. The Fitzwilliam Hounds, whose kennels are at Milton Park, not very far from the Show ground, as usual, took their full share of the honours, supplying the best single young dog-hound, the best couple of bitches, and the best two couples. Everyone was glad to see the Marquis of Waterford do well, for Irish packs are not often represented at this Show. The judges were Mr. T. Butt Miller, Mr. W. de P. Cazenove, Mr. John Straker, and Mr. John Williams.

Photos] **Mr. John Buchan**

For some time Private Secretary to Lord Milner, and also the author of several novels and some works on legal subjects

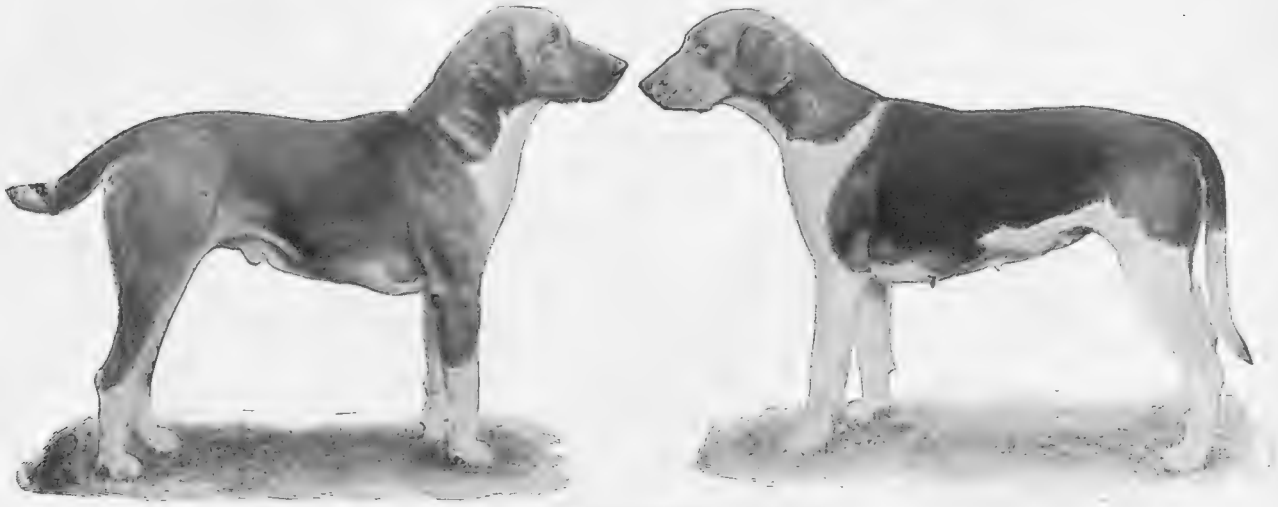
Miss Susan Grosvenor *[Bertsford*

The daughter of the late Hon. Norman Grosvenor, and a niece of Lord Ebury

TO BE MARRIED THIS MONTH

The Peterborough Hound Show

SOME OF THE PRIZEWINNERS



The two best Hounds in the Show

"Sampler," belonging to Mr. T. Fenwick Harrison, the Master of the Hertfordshire Hounds, who was first in the Stallion Class, and was also awarded the Champion Cup as the best dog-hound

"Saintly," from Mr. Dudley Smith's pack, the Croome, the winner of the Bitch Class, also awarded the Cup as the best bitch in the Show

Judging for the Champion Bitch of the Show

The judges in this class were Mr. John Straker, a North-country M.F.H., and Mr. John Williams, who hunts in Cornwall

The Duke of Beaufort's "Charity" and "Rosamond" in the Judging ring

"Frantic" and "Dialect," from the Fitzwilliam Pack, the winning couple in the Bitch Class

Despite the bad weather at Peterborough last week, on the occasion of the famous Hound Show, the attendance was excellent, nearly everybody of importance in hunting circles being present, prominent among whom were the Duke of Beaufort, Lord Bathurst, Lord Willoughby de Broke, Lord Leconfield, Lord Manvers, and the Marquis of Waterford

A Coming Cause Celèbre

Yet Another Cause Célèbre

Soon the dreary recital of yet another *cause célèbre* will grace (or disgrace) the columns of the daily Press. The Countess of Rosslyn, ex-actress, is seeking a divorce from her husband, the ex-actor, ex-journalist, ex-soldier, ex-almost-everything Earl. Lady Rosslyn is the daughter of a Minneapolis tradesman, and before meeting her husband at Monte Carlo had attained some measure of success as an actress. Her ladyship enjoys the flattering reputation of having been the most photographed woman in the States, but she has not, as yet, made close acquaintance with her husband's family, the St. Clair-Erskines, which includes the Countess of Warwick, the Duchess of Sutherland, Lady Westmorland, and Mrs. Forbes, of Newe. The first Lady Rosslyn, a Miss Violet Vyner, is now Mrs. Jarrott, wife of the well-known motorist. Lord Rosslyn divorced her under Scottish law for desertion, and their son, Lord Loughborough, is a Naval cadet at Osborne.

* * *

The Duchess of Sutherland

The St. Clair-Erskines are truly a most wonderfully versatile family. Good looks, brains, and personal charm are their birthright. In none of them, however, are these gifts, and their necessarily corresponding evils, so cleverly compounded into one harmonious whole as in the Duchess of Sutherland, the subject, this week, of our frontispiece. As a great lady and an upholder of ducal tradition in the way of entertainment and deportment, the Duchess has no equal. As a philanthropist her name is known and loved wherever there is distress or hardship. But it is as a patron of the arts, a *dilettante* in culture, as our lady of erudition, that her *spirituelle* Grace of Sutherland loves to shine. She sits, most ducally, at the feet of Genius, and Genius, unused to duchesses, is inclined sometimes to lose its head.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

The Countess of Rosslyn

Née Miss Anna Robinson, a well-known American actress, now seeking a divorce from her husband, the many-rôled Earl of Rosslyn

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Rodin and the Duchesses

Rodin, the great French sculptor, is the last of those to bask in the ducal sunlight. But it has not turned that leonine head. On the contrary, he is said to be getting quite accustomed to it. When first he came to London, he would always have his hair curled when commanded to a great lady's presence. Now he leaves it straight, so *blasé* has he become. An old friend was chaffing him the other day. "You are becoming *très snob*," he said; "you like only duchesses." "*Mais oui*," replied Rodin, with all the *naïveté* of the peasant, "*j'aime les duchesses. Cà me change!*" Also, when he came first to town, he would always say, when introduced to any titled lady, no matter of what rank, "*Très heureuse de vous voir*, Lady Robinson." Now he knows better, and is naturally less glad to see a common or garden "Mrs." than a countess or a duchess.

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The Whistler Memorial

By the way, talking of Rodin reminds me that it is to this great artist the task of erecting a memorial to Whistler is to be entrusted. It is to be symbolical, to cost £2,000, and to be placed in close proximity to the statue of Carlyle on the Chelsea Embankment. At the meeting called to decide these details, Lord Redesdale's description of Whistler's method of painting a portrait brought Sargent, as caricatured by Max Beerbohm, to mind. Sargent is portrayed with a house-painting brush in each hand, a band playing for dear life in the corner, painting an approved Sargent lady in the approved Sargent manner. Whistler, apparently, followed much the same procedure. A huge brush, full of paint, in his hand, he would place his model and his canvas at one end of the room and himself at the other, and stare hard at both for a long time. Then he would rush forward, smash the brush on to the canvas, and keep on rushing backwards and forwards half a hundred times. At the end of this performance, there would stand out on the canvas a space which exactly indicated the figure, the form, and the expression of the sitter.

* * *

"Prince" Eckhardstein?

Since "Tumpty I." (Mr. Heinrich Thyssen) has been awarded a patent of Hungarian nobility by the Emperor Franz Josef, people are wondering in what form the German Kaiser will bestow honours on Baron von Eckhardstein, said to be his own familiar friend. Some solatium he will require for the lost Maple dividends, and if "Tumpty I." gets a Countship, surely the Baron should get at least a Dukedom, if not a Principality? A friend in Court while the case was on tells me that he never has heard anything quite so funny as Baron Eckhardstein's evidence last week. He (the Baron) has had an English wife and an English appointment for a good many years, but he has never yet mastered the English tongue. Or, at least, like most Anglo-Germans, he has reached a certain point and then stuck, quite satisfied to talk the vilest English and to think it perfect. During the trial, however, his stolid

Bisley's Best Marksmen

SOME OF THE WINNING TEAMS

DURING THE FIRST WEEK OF THE MEETING

Rugby School, the Winners of the Ashburton Shield for Public School Teams

Oxford University Team, the Winners of the Humphry Cup

Officers of the Royal Berkshire Regiment, the Winners of the Officers' Cup

Photos *Knight*

The Stock Exchange Team who Won the Astor Cup

The opening week of this year's Bisley meeting has been mainly noteworthy for the success which has attended the use of the new pointed bullet as against the old Government blunt-nosed pattern. Though the week opened with miserably cold and damp weather, the conditions were more worthy of July on the Friday and Saturday, much to the satisfaction especially of the competitors from warmer climes

A Singer from California

Teutonic anxiety to understand everything said, and his insistence on having explained to him every word he could not grasp, tried the patience even of those kind friends who had turned up to swear to his affectionate relations with the Baroness.

* * *

A Marchioness in a Punt

Between Henley and Goodwood, Sundays on the river are often delightful. Last week, the usual large party was assembled at Taplow Court, among them that latest and most beautiful addition to social London, the Spanish Ambassadress, the Marchese Villa d'Urrutia. In appearance, she reminds one forcibly of the Spanish dancer, La Belle Otero, and she amused everyone by declaring that at the Hague her husband and the Marquis de Soveral and everyone were being bored to tears. An interesting episode in this Sunday's proceedings was a punting race. Lady Londonderry, her usual stately grace doffed for the occasion, in a punt with young Mr. Grenfell, raced another containing "Dodo" Benson and Miss Chaplin. It was most exciting, and the Marchioness won. Higher up the stream a rather American-looking party filled to its utmost the tiny Astor steam launch *Mignonette*, Mr. Astor, jun., in a huge, quite unnecessarily shady hat, sitting at the wheel.

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Actresses and the Queen

Maxine Elliott, the American actress, lunched with Queen Alexandra one day recently at Buckingham Palace, and surely such lunching marks a new era! Though there never was an actress, English or American, who has made so genuine a success as Maxine Elliott—not even Ethel Barrymore, the adored of so many—yet she is the first actress to lunch *en petit comité* with her Majesty. Shadowy-haired, dark-eyed, and pomegranate-cheeked, Maxine Elliott comes from those Southern States of America where all women are queens. She possesses in full measure that easy charm and regal air which distinguishes the daughters of the South. At Mentmore, when Lord Rosebery has a party, Miss Elliott is often a welcome guest. The first time she met him she quoted straight off about ten yards of a speech he had made two years before. Naturally, he was charmed! Even Lord Rosebery is only human. She is a marvellous business woman, made her own money, and is now rich, and has a lovely house in London and much property in America.

Miss Pearl Ladd

A Californian singer, who has recently made her *début* in London. She first made her appearance in America as a child pianist, but has now devoted herself entirely to singing

Photo *Lafayette*

Miss Blanche Davis

Who was presented at the last Court of the season by her mother. Her father, Mr. Moss Davis, is one of the pioneers of New Zealand

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A Californian Soprano

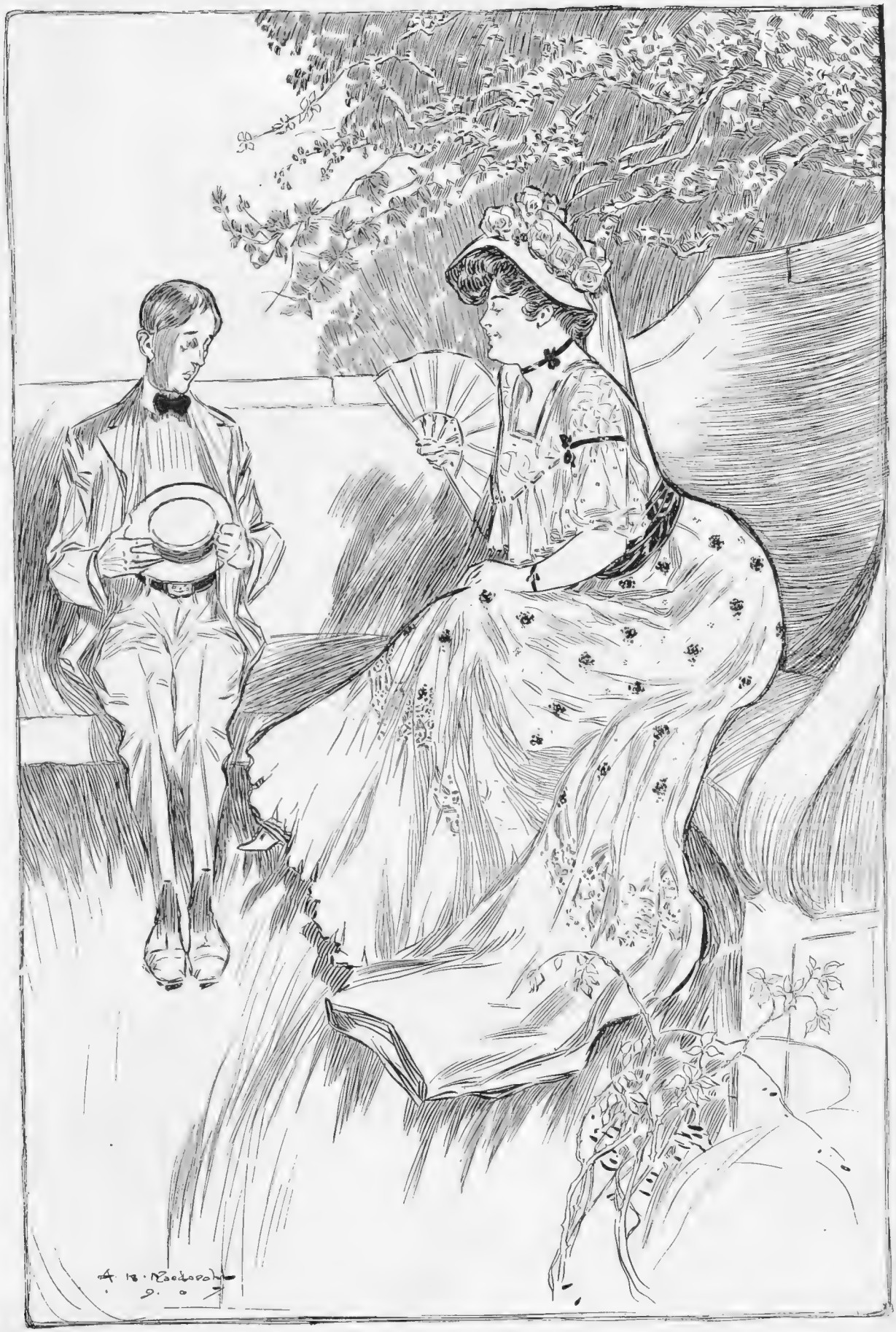
Miss Pearl Ladd, who has recently made her *début* before a London audience, is already well known in Paris and in her native America. At twelve years of age, she was a prodigy pianist and dramatic leader in San Francisco. The stage seemed her destiny, but with her chief tastes in the direction of music, she came to Paris, and for four years has studied under M. Bouhy and Mlle. Eugénie Meyer. Her voice, though she betrays the French School and employs the tremolo somewhat too extensively, has much sympathetic quality, and is one which should win her distinction if she decides to essay the operatic stage.

Mr. Dudley Cleaver

To the Editor of THE BYSTANDER

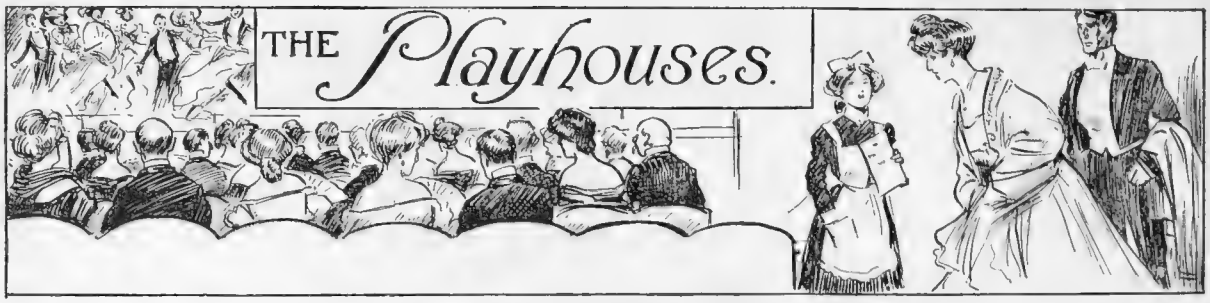
SIR, — With regard to a drawing by me entitled "Cut!" published in THE BYSTANDER of July 3, I feel I owe an unqualified apology to Mr. C. Dana Gibson, to Messrs. James Henderson and Sons, the owners of the English copyright of his work, and to yourself for having imitated very closely a drawing by Mr. Gibson. I began the drawing at one time and finished it at another, and had no idea I had so closely followed on Mr. Gibson's lines.—Faithfully yours, DUDLEY CLEAVER.

His Fear



SHE (*encouragingly*): "A Faint Heart never won a Fair Lady, you know"
HE (*with extreme nervousness*): "H—m! no, and a Faint Heart never got away from one either"

BY A. K. MACDONALD



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

At this season the music-hall manager spares no efforts to capture the patrons of the theatre who, in consequence of the closing of the theatres, are left, more or less, stranded for amusement. He puts forth his most tempting programme, with the result that playgoers who, during the theatrical season, seldom go to music-halls, transfer their patronage to the halls, and come away voting the variety manager a very enterprising person. It is easy to grasp the wisdom of this policy of acting with the utmost energy just at the moment when your rivals commence to slacken. The unthinking might advance the theory that, opposition being lessened, variety managers themselves might mark-time for a while, for the reason that audiences would, willy-nilly, drift over to the halls. It is not so. Amusement-seekers might attend the variety theatres for a while, but upon finding an inferior class of entertainment would soon cease attending the halls altogether. So the astute variety manager, directly he sees the tide of people set in towards his booth, at once displays his most tempting wares. By this policy he makes new patrons, and those in the know will tell you that, unless strenuous efforts be made to attract new patrons, no caterer in amusements can hope for success.

It may not be generally realised that London, that any great city, contains mines of new patrons, all ready to yield gold to the prospecting theatre manager. The late Wilson Barrett claimed that *The Sign of the Cross* attracted people who seldom, if ever, ventured inside a theatre. Inside knowledge teaches me that this was a statement of fact, not an idle boast.

Wide-awake Variety Managers

Variety managers are wise enough to pursue the same policy of attracting new patrons. This is a somewhat long, but, I trust, not uninteresting, preamble to the statement that there is a capital

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

"The Earl of Pawtucket" at The Playhouse

HARRIET PUTNAM (*Miss Alexandra Carlisle*) to ELLA SEAFORD (*Miss Fergusson*): "I had a prim old English lady as chaperon, and, my dear! let me tell you—the wheel stuck!"

The wheel referred to is the Big Wheel at Earl's Court. It was in these serio-comical circumstances that the Earl of Cardington (nicknamed Pawtucket, for reasons which cannot be given without explaining a complicated plot) met the fair Mrs. Putnam. When it is stated that the infatuated Earl posed unconsciously as Putnam, the divorced husband of his charmer, some idea may be gained of the complications which arose

Lord Dundreary Redivivus

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Mr. Cyril Maude and Miss Alexandra Carlisle in "The Earl of Pawtucket" at The Playhouse

In America, *The Earl of Pawtucket* owed much of its success to Mr. Lawrence D'Orsay, who gave one of his humorous burlesques of the English manner and way of speaking. In England, this situation loses much of its flavour, but, for all that, Mr. Cyril Maude manages to please his admirers by his playing of the Earl, who is our old friend Dundreary redivivus

programme at the Alhambra these days. Those who find a ballet rather too substantial an item on a variety programme will he pleased with the *divertissement, Electra,* in which such artistic effects are wrought with an infinite number of electric lights. *Electra* is a dream of splendour, and one regrets the awakening all too soon at the fall of the curtain.

"Urbanora" has come to be one of the most engrossing items of a modern programme. It takes the place of the Magic Carpet in the "Arabian Nights," transporting us now to the De Beers' Mines in Kimberley, now to the Great Victoria Falls, and home again *viâ* Dieppe, which we happen to strike at the very time of the motor races for the Grand Prix. "Urbanora" and its near relations, the Bioscope and the Biograph, will have a high place in our regard in that they have frozen out the loquacious traveller. He would be a bold man who would think to thrill us with an account of his travels in Central Africa when "Urbanora" tells us the same tale so much more graphically and more picturesquely.

The Zancigs have returned to the scene of their former triumphs. The secret of their magic is still locked in their breasts. To realise that the performance has lost none of its attractiveness, it is only necessary to watch the members of the audience fumbling for oddments with which to test the thought-readers directly they appear upon the stage. The management has now adopted the expedient of ringing a bell in order to warn the eager participators in this engaging "turn" that others in different parts of the house are waiting to produce their "posers."

The Queen of Spades, with its myriad measures—Harlequinades, Tarantellas, Valses, Minuets, Danses Characteristiques — still holds pride of place as the ballet of the evening. In time it will be cut down to a *divertissement*, what time the little army of composers, producers, costumiers, electricians, property-masters, and the *prima ballerina assoluta*, have, between them, all devised something new for the entertainment of the town.

Photo *Haines*

Mme. Yvette Guilbert

The celebrated French singer, who has been appearing at the Palace Theatre prior to acting upon her intention of retiring from the variety stage

PALACE THEATRE

Mr. Alfred Butt throws a wide net in his endeavours to draw in talent for the home market. Hence we find a number of clever turns from America and France. The one and only R. G. Knowles is not, I believe, an American, but, like so many others, he has, from recent sojourn in the States, unerringly acquired the accent. Les Fleury Duo are an amazingly amusing couple. In a species of little *revue* they burlesque a number of Paris types with many a happy touch of characterisation. Their performances breathe of the boulevards. Last, and greatest of all, is Yvette Guilbert, who announces her farewell appearances on the variety stage. In the language of the raucous showman, "'Urry up, your larst chawnst of seeing the most marveelious show on earth, as played before all the crowned 'eads of Europe." But, Yvette (I may call you that?), why retire? On the concert platform you are, indeed, delectable, but it is not your *milieu*. There is about you something which gives one the *nostalgie* to sit at little tables on a summer night and listen to those songs which are heard to so much better advantage in the open air. Your genius unfolded itself in the *café chantant*, and it is there I would love to see you appear, wearing a plain evening frock and the long black gloves which you have put away for so long.

Have you heard two serious concert-singers in a duet entitled "The Gates of Heaven"? The man is short and florid. His evening-dress trousers are rather baggy. The lady is dressed in a black gown, with a red rose in her corsage. Her general appearance is all that there is of the most respectable. With the utmost seriousness they apply themselves to the comedy of this duet. The man turns to the lady with a little jerk of his head as he expresses the sentiment of the song. She smirks decorously in reply. Finally, the climax is reached. "If you give me your heart, it will open for me the gates of Heaven." Both bow, both smirk. If it has been your solemn joy to hear this duet, your enjoyment of Yvette Guilbert's rendering will be the greater.

E. C. S.

APOLLO THEATRE

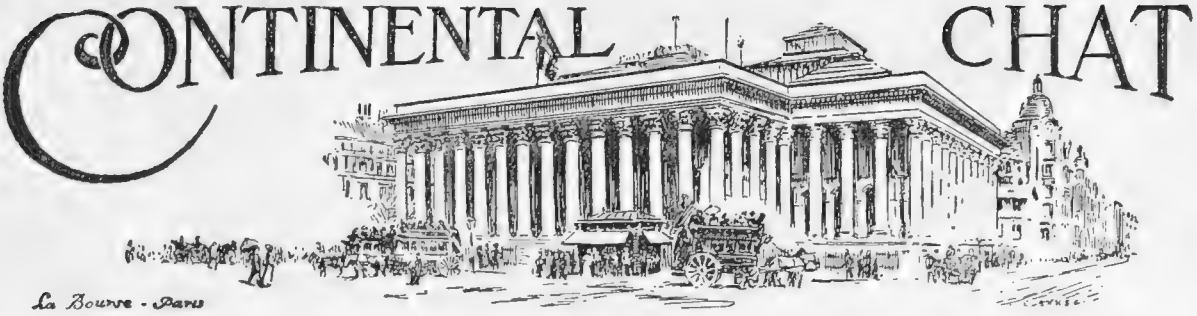
Tom Jones reached its one hundredth performance last Thursday evening. Although still drawing crowded houses, I learn that this delightful piece is to be withdrawn from the Apollo early in August to make way for *The Three Kisses*, a musical play Mr. Frank Curzon intends producing here on August 21. The book of this piece is by Messrs. Percy Greenbank and Leedham Bantock, and Mr. Howard Talbot has composed the music. The cast will include the Misses Ethel Irving, Kitty Gordon, and Coralie Blythe; and Walter Hyde, O. B. Clarence, and Arthur Williams.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE

The Vaudeville is doing big business with the revival of *Mrs. Ponderbury's Past.* The cosy little theatre is crowded nightly. When Mr. Charles Hawtrey, who plays Mr. Ponderbury, takes a well earned holiday, Mr. Weedon Grossmith will take up the part.

R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT



Accounting for the Weather!

It is a pity so few British tourists take the trouble to visit the Paris Observatory. Even for those who are least versed in the laws of astronomy there are plenty of interesting things to be seen, and I have always admired the generous manner in which French *savants* place both their time and intelligence at the disposal of all those who care to accept them. At present, and for some weeks past now, these gentlemen have been endeavouring to account for the wintry weather we have to endure in the middle of July, and to find out if there is any chance of the sun attempting to warm us for two consecutive days. According to the latest reports, it is due to the planet Mars being six times nearer our globe than it ought to be at this period of the year, and unless something unforeseen happens, we must make up our minds to be content with a cold July. If it is true that the comparative proximity of this planet accounts for the abominable weather, we can only hope that its next visit will be long postponed.

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The Late Count Nigra

With the death of Count Nigra, one of the most interesting and prominent figures of the Second Empire has disappeared. After the fall of Napoleon III., the Italian Ambassador took no very important rôle in public life; he purchased a palace in the Via Gregoriana, Rome, formerly occupied by Crispi, and spent the greater part of his time writing. It has always seemed strange to me that, considering the number of persons still living who were intimately connected with the Court of the Tuileries, so little accurate information can be obtained about the history of that period. A short while ago the problem as to the colour of the Emperor's moustache was solved with the greatest difficulty, although the Empress Eugénie is still alive. Many of the *grandes dames* of the Second Empire, too, receive on the same day, and almost in the same manner, as at that period, which now seems so long ago; yet they cannot, or will not, tell you one historical anecdote.

For Constantin Nigra, however, an exception is made. Everybody knew him, everybody valued his great intelligence, and he was more than once the hero of an important love episode. It was he who helped the Empress Eugénie to escape—a debt of gratitude she has never been able to repay. Few people have come to fame as quickly as did Nigra, few have had a more interesting life.

Photo *J. Brocherel*

The Late Count Nigra Paying his Respects to the Princess Colonna

The well-known Italian poet-diplomatist was the Italian Ambassador in Paris at the fall of the Second Empire, and it is to him that the ex-Empress Eugénie largely owes her escape from that city. For many years past, however, he took no active part in public life

* * *

An Interesting Life Story

Although of noble birth, his family was poor. At one moment it was very doubtful whether young Constantin could receive the education his parents wished him to have. Indeed, had he not obtained a scholarship at Turin, he would have been forced to leave the college.

Diplomacy and poetical talent are rarely seen in combination. Yet Nigra was a poet first of all, and poetry was the door by which he entered the Diplomatic Service. His verses attracted the attention of Manzoni, who introduced him to the Azeglis, and finally he became private secretary to the famous Cavour. The great Italian Statesman soon discovered the intelligence that was hidden behind his helpmate's cautious, yet fascinating, manner, and it was he who was sent to Paris to negotiate Princess Clotilda's marriage. Subsequently he represented his country in London, Vienna, St. Petersburg, and Paris, this last city being the scene of his great triumphs. After the fall of the Emperor, Nigra was not forgotten, yet the work he accomplished after that period was given little consideration. When his country was attacked for not espousing the cause of France, he defended her as few people could have done. This publication, however, passed almost unnoticed by those who had witnessed his former triumphs. Nigra—the great Nigra—seemed to have been left behind in another century; to have been placed, like some great treasure, in a museum of souvenirs. Count Nigra, as everyone expected, has left his "Memories" to be published. Now, at last, some important light will be thrown on the history of the Second Empire and the relations which existed between France and Italy during that period. Nigra was a *littérateur*, but he was more. His

Photo *Topical Agency*

"The Fourth of July"—not in the States: The Garibaldi Centenary Celebrations at Milan

Italians in all parts of the world enthusiastically celebrated the centenary of Garibaldi's birth on July 4. Rome itself was brilliantly decorated, and only at the Vatican was there no sign of rejoicing. At Milan, the Piazza Cairoli, in the centre of which is the magnificent statue of Italy's Liberator, was the rendezvous of immense crowds from morning to night, and many wreaths, including one in the name of President Roosevelt and the United States, who were, of course, celebrating Independence Day on the same date, were laid at the foot of the statue

broad-minded judgment and justice equalled his intelligence; he was as straight as it was possible for a diplomat to be.

* * *

M. Fallières' Postponed Garden-Party

Although he declares the contrary, President Fallières, in his heart of hearts, is truly thankful that his annual garden-party is not to take place. Like the ball which was to have been given the day of Casimir-Perier's death, this, the most interesting of all the Elysée fêtes, has had to be postponed till next year, and the head of the French State will be several hundred francs the richer. The *frais de représentation* which he receives from the Government are by no means small, and, in addition, he has a special grant each time a Sovereign visits his capital. Should he manage to economise on these sums, so much the better for him. When the days of his pomp have passed, when he leaves the worries and cares of State to spend the rest of his life in his beloved Gascon home—provided he has many years like 1907—never will the "wolf" approach his door.

* * *

A Parsimonious President

When Mme. Fallières scandalised her *entourage* by putting a Gascon *cordon bleu* in the place of that important institution, the Elysée *chef*, M. Fallières started a series of economical reforms, insignificant in themselves, perhaps, but they caused a storm of indignation at the time, and have struck the death-blow to any possibility of luxury and ostentation at the Elysée. With the assistance of M. Mollard, Chef du Protocol, he has done away with, not only two important courses, but caviare, the *hors d'œuvre* for which Felix Faure had so great a weakness, and also all fish, flesh, fowl, and fruit which are out of season. But M. Fallières' reforms are not only confined to the table. He has been able to cut down the list of charities to which the President of the Republic is expected to contribute, he gives few presents and no tips, not even the four sous which the rest of humanity is almost forced to give in exchange for a telegram or a registered letter. It has been said, and not without truth, that when the time comes for the history of the Republic to be written, the words "Fallières" and "economy" will be found in close proximity.

* * *

A Careful King

The King of Greece, another economical ruler, according to all accounts, is *not* at present in Paris—a most unusual occurrence, by the way. Every item of expenditure, however small, is marked in his note-book, and if he can save a halfpenny he is delighted to do so. In his speculations he has been particularly lucky, even more lucky than the millionaire monarch, Leopold of Belgium. No one knows exactly how much the King of Greece does possess, but it is certain that did Fate decree that he should suddenly become an exile, he could take possession of the handsomest palace in Paris.

* * *

The Crown Prince of Greece and His Family

The Crown Prince of Greece, who has paid a visit to London, has been received by the President with

all the honour due to his rank, and by many of the oldest Society families in Paris. Like his father, the Crown Prince of Greece is quite at home in the Gay City. He takes affairs of State more seriously, however, and has learnt that Athens is his capital and not Paris. The Crown Princess, before going to Buckingham Palace, stayed for a few days at Seaford, where her children are living at present. Princess Helen is a boarder at a small school "for the daughters of gentlemen," which belongs to the granddaughter of a well-known Peer, and a personal friend of the Greek Princess. Most of the pupils at this establishment, I hear, belong to the nobility, and Americans, in spite of their dollars, have not yet obtained admission. The little Princess is enchanted with the English methods of learning lessons. Her mother, too, would like her to finish her education in England, but her father considers it is necessary for a Greek Princess to be, above all, a Greek. When at Seaford, the tiresome Court etiquette is left behind. The children learn their lessons in English, and enjoy them thoroughly, but their greatest pleasure is in their games.

* * *

Prince Anthony of Orléans, the Idol of French Society

Those who have been fortunate enough to be received into the restricted circles of Faubourg St. Germain Society must have noticed one face in particular which never fails to attract attention. Who in a ball-room is more handsome than he? Who is a better dancer? He will Boston and waltz and two-step till far into the night, or early next morning, and leave the ball-room as fresh as when he arrived. The ladies are never tired of listening to the charming nothings he tells them in his own fascinating manner. Whatever he does or says is perfect, for he is Prince Anthony of Orléans, the idol of French Society. This much-sought-after young man is the son of the Count and Countess d'Eu, the latter being the only daughter of Dom Pedro, the deceased Emperor of Brazil. A grandson of the late Duke of Nemours, Prince Anthony is only twenty-five years of age, and an officer in the 6th Austrian Hussars. When he marries, many more hearts will ache at his decision, for many have done so already.

* * *

M. Étienne and Germany

M. Étienne, former Minister of War, is extremely amused at the attention that has been paid to his visit to Berlin. With the greatest pleasure he has received all the journalists who have solicited interviews, and he has made no secret of the fact that the Emperor conversed with him for an hour and a half on board the *Princess Alice*, and for two hours on board the *Hohenzollern*. Exactly what was the object of his visit we shall know later on—if indeed it was anything else but pleasure. It is hardly possible that M. Étienne's conversation with Prince Bülow, or the fact that he dined with the Kaiser, can solve the Moroccan or other International problems. He, I am sure, would be the last to confirm this statement. If there is work to be done in Berlin, M. Jules Cambon is there for the purpose. He was chosen, for his great intelligence and experience, to fill a difficult post, and had he seen himself slighted in this manner, long ago he would have sent in his resignation.

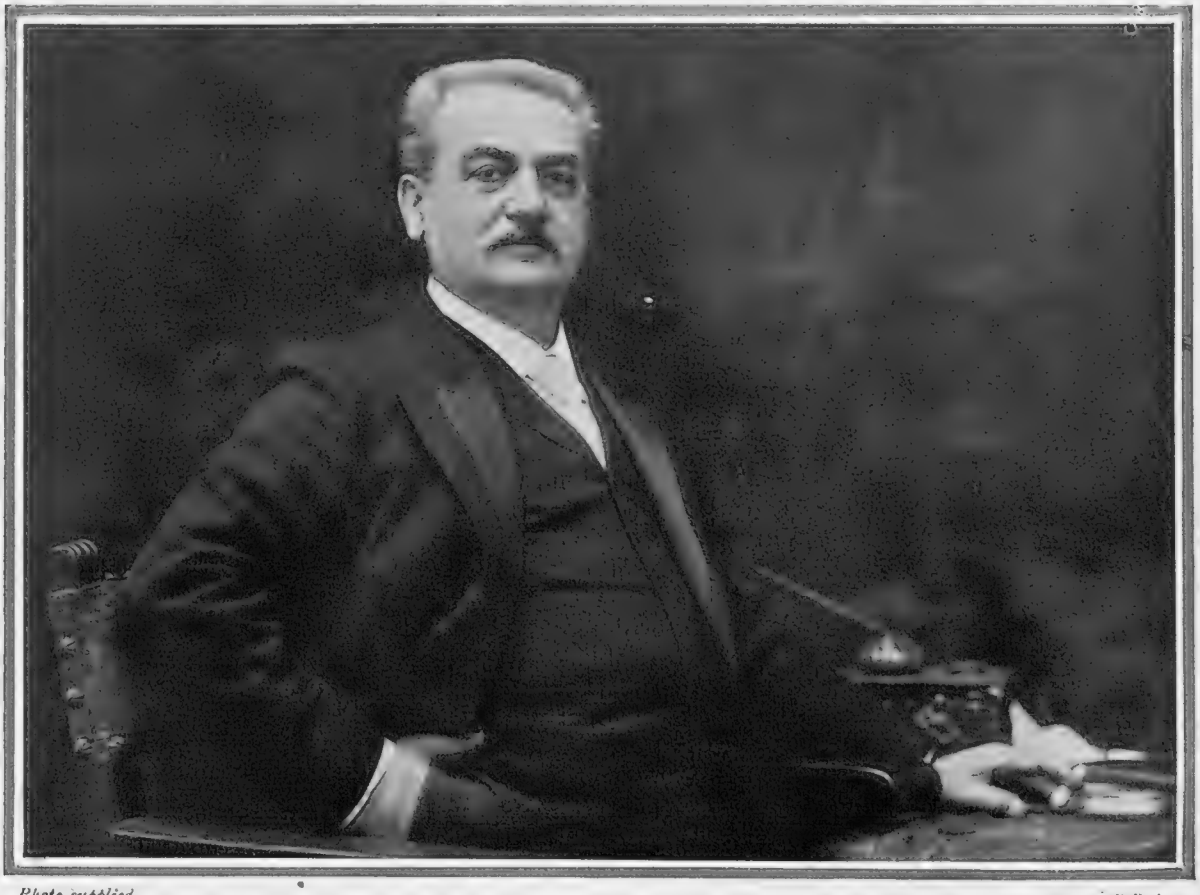
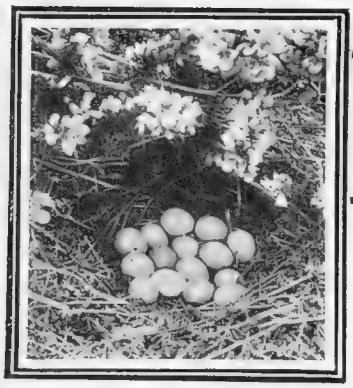


Photo supplied *P.P.A.*

M. Étienne, the late French Minister of War, whose interview with the Kaiser has aroused much interest in France

Preparing for the Coming Shooting Seas



A Wild Pheasant's Nest and Eggs

These eggs are collected and then hatched by foster-mothers

Giving Instructions

The under-keepers, at this time of the year, are in the field day and night. They sleep in the little huts shown on the right

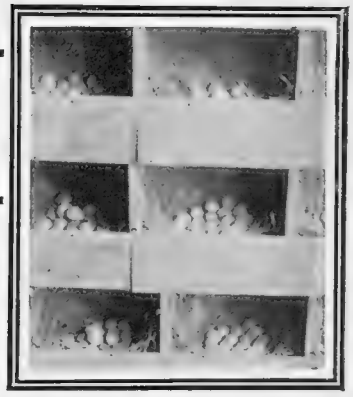
Photos] **The Gamekeeper's Sanctuary: Examining the Eggs**

Here he has a bevy of foster-mothers hatching the pheasant eggs. Once every twenty-four hours he takes them from the nests to be fed, at the same time examining the eggs

Pheasant-Breeding in Hertfordshire: The Young Bir

Elaborate preparations for the covert-shooting season are now the order of the day on most large estates. It has been found that artificial methods are absolutely necessary in order to preserve a good stock of pheasants. One reason is that this particular hen is a very poor mother if left to her own resources. The plan has now been adopted of keeping a number of hen-birds in artificial enclosures, and by this means a much larger average of eggs per bird is obtained than left in a wild a costly process paratively free fr of to-day may s ance with the preliminary prep of photographs.

ason: How Young Pheasants are Reared



Ready for the Foster-Mothers

Here the eggs, eighteen to a hen, are hatched by foster-mothers

Young Pheasants Feeding

The birds are shy and wild with strangers, so the photographer was concealed, but just as he was taking this picture the birds detected a movement and all flew off. The inset shows the cooked food for the young birds hanging up to drain

Birds on the Grass-land

thian would be possible if the pheasants were ild state. Modern pheasant-rearing is rather ocess, but it has the advantage of being com- ge from disappointments. Thus the covert-owner ay secure a stock of pheasants in strict accord- the amount of money he cares to lay out in preparations, such as those depicted in this series ohs.

The Fate of Furry and Feathered Poachers: The Keeper's Vermin Pole [*Newman*

A keeper never thinks of burying any of the pests he may catch which have threatened the lives of the young birds. Hedgehogs, stoats, jays, crows, and blackbirds are all hung up, doubtless *pour encourager les autres*, and also, incidentally, as a proof of the keeper's activity

OUR WORLDLY SHORT STORY—No. 85.

LITTLE-FLOWER-OF-THE-WOOD

By LEONARD MERRICK

(Author of "Whispers About Women," "Conrad in Quest of his Youth," etc.)

JANIAUD used to lie abed all day and drink absinthe all night. When he contrived to write his poetry is a mystery. But he did write it, and he might have written other things, too, if he had had the will. It was once suggested that his paramount duty was to publish a history of modern Paris, for the man was an encyclopædia of unsuspected facts. Since he can never publish it now, however, I am free to tell the story of the Loup Blanc as he told it to an English editor and me one night on the terrace of the Loup Blanc itself. It befel thus:

When we entered that shabby little Montmartre restaurant, Janiaud chanced to be seated at a table in a corner of the ground-floor room, sipping his favourite stimulant. He was deplorably dirty, and resembled a scarecrow, and the English editor looked nervous when I offered an introduction. Still, Janiaud was Janiaud! The offer was accepted, and Janiaud discoursed in his native tongue.

At midnight the Editor ordered supper. Being unfamiliar with the Loup Blanc in those days, I said that I would drink beer. Janiaud smiled sardonically, and the waiter surprised us with the information that beer could not be supplied.

"What?"

"After midnight, nothing but champagne," he answered.

"Really? Well, let us go somewhere else," I proposed.

But the Editor would not hear of that. He had a princely soul, and, besides, he was "doing Paris."

"All the same, what does it mean?" he inquired of Janiaud.

Janiaud blew smoke rings. "It is the rule. During the evening the bock drinker is welcomed here as elsewhere; but at midnight—well, you will see what you will see!"

And we saw very soon. The bourgeoisie from the Quarter had straggled out while we talked, and in a little while the restaurant was crowded with a rackety crew who had driven up in cabs. Everybody but ourselves was in evening dress. Where the coppers had been counted carefully, gold was spent like water. A space was cleared for dancing, and Mlle. Nan Joliquette, from Olympia, obliged the company with her latest comic song.

The Editor was interested. "It is a queer change, though! Has it always been like this?"

"Ask Janiaud," I said; "*I* don't know."

"Oh, not at all," replied Janiaud; "no, indeed, it was not always like this! The Loup Blanc used to be as quiet at midnight as at any other hour. But it became celebrated as a supper-place; and now it is quite the thing for the ardent spirits, with money, to come here and kick up their heels until five in the morning."

"Curious, how such customs originate!" remarked the Editor. "Here we have a restaurant which is out of the way, which is the reverse of luxurious, and which, for all that, seems to be a gold mine to the proprietor. Look at him! Look at his white waistcoat and his massive watch-chain, his air of prosperity! The man's a millionaire in miniature."

"How did he come to rake it in like this, Janiaud—you know everything?" I said.

The poet stroked his beard, and glanced at his empty glass. The Editor raised the bottle.

"I cannot talk on Clicquot!" demurred Janiaud. "If you insist, I will take another absinthe. Doubtless they will allow it in the circumstances. Sst, Adolphe!" The waiter whisked over to us. "Monsieur pays for champagne, but I prefer absinthe. There is no law against that, hein?"

Adolphe smiled tolerantly.

"Shall we sit outside?" suggested the Editor. "What do you think? It's getting rather riotous in here, isn't it?"

So we moved on to the terrace, and waited while Janiaud prepared his poison.

"It is a coincidence that you should have asked me for the history of the Loup Blanc to-night," he began, after a gulp; "if you had asked for it two days earlier, the climax would have been missing. The story completed itself yesterday, and I happened to be here, and saw the end.

"Listen! Dupont—the proprietor whom Monsieur has just admired—used to be chef to a family on the Boulevard Haussmann. He had a very fair salary, and probably he would have remained in the situation till now but for the fact that he fell in love with the parlour-maid. She was a sprightly little flirt, with ambitions, and she accepted him only on condition that they should withdraw from domestic service and start a business of their own. Dupont was of a cautious temperament; he would have preferred to jog along with some family where a married couple was acceptable in the capacities of chef and housekeeper. Still, he consented; and, with what they had saved between them, they took over this little restaurant—where Monsieur the Editor has treated me with such regal magnificence! It was not they who christened it—it was called 'Le Loup Blanc' already; how it obtained its name is also very interesting, but I have always avoided digressions in my work—that is one of the first principles of the literary art."

He swallowed some more absinthe.

"They took the establishment over, and they

(Continued on page 134)

(Copyright 1907 by Leonard Merrick in the United States of America)

A Notable Revival

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Billie Burke and Mr. Charles Hawtrey in "Mrs. Ponderbury's Past" at the Vaudeville

POLACCO (*Miss Burke*) to MATTHEW PONDERBURY (*Mr. Hawtrey*): "Prevent this marriage with your niece—or I'll tell your wife everything"

The revival of Sir Francis Burnand's play at the Vaudeville last month has proved a most successful venture, and there is every prospect of its run being a long one

(*Continued from page 132*)

conducted it on the lines of their predecessor—they provided a table d'hôte déjeuner at one franc fifty, and a table d'hôte dinner at two francs. These are side-shows of the Loup Blanc to-day, but, in the period of which I speak, they were all that it had to say for itself—they were its foundation, and its cupola! When I had two francs to spare, I used to dine here myself.

"Well, the profits were not dazzling. And after marriage the little parlour-maid developed extravagant tastes. She had a passion for theatres. I, Janiaud, have nothing to say against theatres, excepting that the managers have never put on my dramas, but in the wife of a struggling restaurateur a craze for play-going is not to be encouraged. Monsieur will agree? Also, Madame had a fondness for dress. She did little behind the counter but display new ribbons and trinkets. She was very stupid at giving change—and always made the mistakes on the wrong side for Dupont. At last he had to employ a cousin of his own as dame-de-comptoir. The expenses had increased, and the returns remained the same. In fine, Dupont was in difficulties; the Loup Blanc was on its last legs.

"Listen! There was at that time a dancer called 'Little-Flower-of-the-Wood.' She was very chic, very popular. She had her appartement in the Avenue Wagram, she drove to the stage-doors in her coupé, her photographs were sold like confetti at a carnival. Well, one afternoon, when Dupont's reflections were oscillating between the bankruptcy court and the Morgue, he was stupified to receive a message from her—she bade him reserve a table for herself and some friends for supper that night!

"Dupont could scarcely credit his ears. He told his wife that a practical joker must be larking with him. He declared that he would take no notice of the message, that he was not such an ass as to be duped by it. Finally, he proposed to telegraph to Little-Flower-of-the-Wood, inquiring if it was genuine.

"Monsieur, as an editor, will have observed that a woman who is incapable in the daily affairs of life, may reveal astounding force in an emergency? It was so in this case. Madame put her foot down. She showed unsuspected commercial aptitude. She firmly forbade Dupont to do anything of the sort!

"'What?' she exclaimed. 'You will telegraph to her, inquiring? Never in this life! You might as well advise her frankly not to come. What would such a question mean? That you do not think the place is good enough for her! Well, if *you* do not think so, neither will *she*—she will decide that she had a foolish impulse, and stay away!'

"'Mon Dieu! do you dream that a woman accustomed to the Café de Paris, or Maxim's, would choose to sup in an obscure little restaurant like ours?' said Dupont, fuming. 'Do you dream that I am going to buy partridges, and peaches, and wines, and heaven knows what other delicacies, in the dark? Do you dream that I am going to ruin myself while every instinct in me protests? It would be the act of a madman!'

"'My little cabbage,' returned Madame, 'we are so near to ruin as we are, that a step or two nearer is of no importance. If Little-Flower-of-the-Wood should come, it would be the turning-point in our fortunes—people will hear of it, the Loup Blanc may become renowned. Yes, we shall buy partridges, and peaches—and bonbons, and flowers, and also we shall hire a piano! And if the good fairies should indeed send her to us, I swear she shall pass as pleasant an evening as if she had gone to Voisin's, or Paillard's itself!'

"Good! She convinced him. For the rest of the day the Loup Blanc was in a state of frenzy. Never before had such a repast been seen in its kitchen, never before had he cooked with such loving care, even when he had been preparing a dinner of ceremony on the Boulevard Haussmann. Madame herself ran out to arrange for the piano. The floor was swept. The waiter was put into a clean shirt. Dupont shed tears of excitement into his saucepans.

"He served the two-franc dinner that evening with eyes that watched nothing but the clock. All his consciousness now was absorbed by the question whether the dancer would come or not. The dinner passed somehow—it is to be assumed that the customers grumbled, but in his suspense Dupont regarded them with indifference. The hours crept by. It was a quarter to twelve—twelve o'clock. He trembled behind the counter as if with ague. Now it was time that she was here! His face was blanched, his teeth chattered in his head. What if he had been hoaxed after all? Half-past twelve! The sweat ran down him. Terror gripped his heart. A vision of all the partridges wasted convulsed his soul. Hark! a carriage had stopped. He tottered forward. The door opened—she had come!

"Women are strange. Little-Flower-of-the-Wood, who yawned her pretty head off at Armenonville, was enraptured with the Loup Blanc. The rest of the party took their tone from her, and everything was pronounced 'piquante,' the coarse linen, the dirty ceiling, the admiring stares of the bock drinkers. The lady herself declared that she had 'never enjoyed a supper so much in her life,' and the waiter—it was not Adolphe then—was dumbfounded by a louis tip.

"Figure to yourself the exultation of Madame! 'Aha,' she chuckled, when they shut up shop at sunrise, 'what did I tell you, my little cabbage?' Monsieur, as an editor, will have observed that a woman who reveals astounding force in an emergency may triumph pettily when the emergency is over?

"'It remains to be seen whether they will come any more, however,' said Dupont. 'Let us go to bed. Mon Dieu, how sleepy I am!' It was the first occasion that the Loup Blanc had been open till five in the morning.

"It was the first occasion, and for some days they feared it might be the last. But no, the dancer came again! A few eccentrics who came with her flattered themselves on having made a 'discovery.' They boasted of it. Gradually the name of 'Le Loup Blanc' became known. By the time that Little-Flower-of-the-Wood had had enough, there was a supper clientèle without her. Folly is infectious, and in Paris there are always people catching a fresh craze. Dupont began to put up his prices, and levied a charge on the waiter for the privilege of waiting at supper. The rest of the history is more grave! . . .

(*Continued on page 136*)

The Age of Innocence

Mary and Simon, the children of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Morrison

A PHOTOGRAPHIC STUDY BY RITA MARTIN

(Continued from page 134)

Comment, Monsieur? Eh bien, if you insist, again an absinthe!"

Janiaud paused, and ran his dirty fingers through his hair.

"This man can talk!" said the Editor, in an undertone.

"Gentlemen," resumed the poet, "two years passed. Little-Flower-of-the-Wood was on the Italian Riviera. The Italian Riviera was awake again after the heat of the summer. The little town that had dozed for many months began to stir. Almost every day now she saw new faces on the promenade. The sky was gentler, the sea was fairer. And she sat loathing it all, craving to escape from it to the bleak streets of Paris.

"Two winters before, she had been told, 'Your lungs will stand no more of the pranks you have been playing. You must go South, and keep early hours, or——' The shrug said the rest. And she had sold some of her diamonds and obeyed. Of course, it was an awful nuisance, but she must put up with it for a winter in order to get well. As soon as she was well, she would go back, and take another engagement! She had promised herself to be dancing again at the Ambassadeurs by the Spring.

"But when the Spring had come, she was no better. And partly because travel was expensive, partly because all places were alike to her since she was forbidden to return to Paris, she had remained where she was. She had disposed of more jewellery, and looked forward to the autumn. So it had gone on.

"At first, while letters came to her sometimes, telling her how she was missed, the banishment had been alleviated; later, in her loneliness, it had grown frightful. Monsieur, her soul—the little soul that pleasure had held dumb—cried out, under misfortune, like a homeless child for its mother. Her longing took her by the throat, and the doctor had difficulty in dissuading her from going to meet death by the first train. She did not suspect that she was doomed in any case; he thought it kinder to deceive her. He had preached 'Patience, mademoiselle, a little patience!' And she had wrung her hands, but yielded—sustained by the hope of a future that she was never to know.

"By this time the last of her jewels was sold, and most of the money had been spent. The fact alarmed her when she dwelt upon it, but she did not dwell upon it very often—in the career of Little-Flower-of-the-Wood, so many pecuniary crises had been righted at the last moment. No, although there was nobody now to whom she could turn for help, it was not anxiety that bowed her; the thoughts by which she was stricken, as she sauntered feebly on the eternal promenade, was that in Paris they no longer talked of her, and that her prettiness had passed away. She was forgotten, ugly—the tragedy of her exile was that!

"Now it was that she found out the truth—she learnt that there was no chance of her recovering. She made no reproaches for the lies that had been told her; she recognised that they had been well meant. All she said was, 'I am glad that it is not too late; I may see Paris still before the curtain tumbles—I shall go at once.'

"Not many months of life remained to her, but they were more numerous than her louis. It was an altered Paris that she returned to! She had quitted the Paris of the frivolous and fêted; she came back to the Paris of the outcast poor. The world that she had remembered gave her no welcome—she peered through its shut windows, friendless in the streets.

"Gentlemen, last night all the customers had gone from the little Restaurant au Loup Blanc, but a woman in a shabby opera-cloak—a woman with tragic eyes, and half a lung. She sat fingering her glass of beer absently, though the clock over the desk pointed to a quarter to midnight, and at midnight beer-drinkers are no longer desired in the Loup Blanc. But she was a stranger; it was concluded that she didn't know!

"Adolphe approached to enlighten her; 'Madame wishes to order supper?' he asked.

"The stranger shook her head.

"'Madame will have champagne?'

"'Don't bother me!' said the woman.

"Adolphe nodded towards the bock contemptuously. 'After midnight, only champagne is served here,' he said; 'it is the rule of the house.'

"'A fig for the rule!' scoffed the woman; 'I am going to stop!'

"Adolphe retired and sought the 'patron,' and Dupont advanced to her with dignity.

"'Madame is plainly ignorant of our arrangements,' he began; 'at twelve o'clock one cannot remain for the cost of a bock—the restaurant becomes very gay.'

"'So I believe,' she said; 'I want to see the gaiety.'

"'It also becomes expensive. I will explain! During the evening we serve a dinner at two francs for our customers in the neighbourhood—and until twelve o'clock one may order bocks, or what one wishes, at strictly moderate prices. But at twelve o'clock there is a change; we have quite a different class of trade. People who amuse themselves arrive here to sup and to dance. As a supper-house, the Loup Blanc is known to all Paris.'

"'One lives and learns!' said the woman, ironically; 'but I know more about the Loup Blanc than you seem to think. I can tell you the history of its success.'

"'Madame?' Dupont regarded her with haughty eyes.

"'Three years ago, monsieur, the Loup Blanc stood where it stands now, but there was "no different class of trade" at twelve o'clock, and no champagne. The dinners at two francs for your customers in the neighbourhood were all that you aspired to! You did the cooking yourself in those days, and you did not sport a white waistcoat and a gold watch-chain.'

"'These things have nothing to do with it. You will comply with the rule, or you must go. All is said!'

"'One night Little-Flower-of-the-Wood had a whim to sup here,' continued the woman, as if he had not spoken. 'She had passed the place in her carriage and fancied its name perhaps—or she wanted to do something new. Anyhow, she had the whim! I see you have the telephone behind the desk now, monsieur—your little restaurant had no telephone when she wished to reserve a table that night; she had to reserve it by a messenger.'

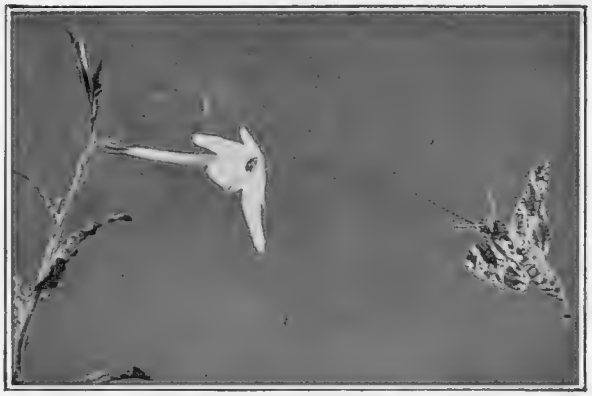
(Continued on page 138)

Insects and Their Favourite Flowers

The rose provides an attractive summer resort for the rose-beetle, which takes up its quarters in the centre of the flower, the heart of which it voraciously devours

The pale lilac bloom of the wild scabious proves attractive to the peacock butterfly

The nasturtium is the favourite flower of the humming-bird hawk moth, which, after hovering near in seeming indecision, swoops down hawk-like on a blossom



My Lady Nicotine, in her pristine state of nature, the tobacco plant, is freely courted (appropriately enough, at twilight) by the long-tongued crepuscular moth

Photos

"You are my honey-honeysuckle," etc., etc., is a song which is freely hummed (in effect) by the night-moth, who prefers a honeysuckle diet to any other

Collins

Of the snapdragon Lord Kelvin says: "It is a strong box, of which the humble bee alone possesses the key"

(Continued from page 136)

"'Well, well?' said Dupont, impatiently.

"'But you were a shrewd man, you saw your luck and leapt at it—and when she entered with her party, you received her like a queen! You had even hired a piano, you said, in case Little-Flower-of-the-Wood might wish to play. I notice that a piano is in the corner still—no doubt you soon saved the money to buy one.'

"'How do you know all this, you?' Dupont's gaze was curious.

"'Her freak pleased her, and she came again and again—and others came, just to see her here. Then you recognised that your customers from the neighbourhood were out of place among the spend-thrifts, who yielded more profit in a night than all the two-franc dinners in a month; you said, "At twelve o'clock there shall be no more bocks, only champagne!" I had made your restaurant famous—and you introduced the great rule that you now command me to obey!'

"'You? You are Little-Flower-of-the-Wood?'

"'Yes, it was I who did it for you,' she said, quietly. 'And the restaurant flourished after Little-Flower-of-the-Wood had faded. Well, to-night I want to spend an hour here again, for the sake of what I used to be. Time brings changes, you understand, and I cannot conform with the great rule?' She opened the opera cloak, trembling, and he saw that beneath it Little-Flower-of-the-Wood was in rags.

"'I am very poor and ill,' she went on. 'I have been away in the South for more than two years; they told me I ought to stop there, but I had to see Paris once more! What does it matter? I shall finish here a little sooner, that is all. I lodge close by, in a garret. The garret is very dirty, but I hear the music from the Bal Tabarin across the way. I like that—I persuade myself I am living the happy life I used to have. When I am tossing sleepless, I hear the noise and laughter of the crowd coming out, and blow kisses to them in the dark. You see, although one is forgotten, one cannot forget. I pray that their laughter will come up to me right at the end, before I die!'

"'You cannot afford to go inside at Tabarin's?" faltered Dupont; 'you are so stony as that?'

"'So stony as that!' she said. 'And I repeat that to-night I want to pass an hour in the midst of the life I loved. Monsieur, remember how you came to make your rule! Break it for me once—let me stay here to-night for a bock!'

"Dupont is a restaurateur, but he is also a man. He took both her hands, and the waiters were astonished to perceive that the 'patron' was crying.

"'My child,' he stammered, 'you will sup here as my guest.'

"Adolphe set before her champagne that she sipped feverishly, and a supper that she was too ill to eat. And cabs came rattling from the Grands Boulevards with boisterous men and women who no longer recalled her name—and with other 'Little-Flowers-of-the-Wood,' who had sprung up since her day.

"The woman who used to reign there sat among them, looking back, until the last jest was bandied, and the last bottle was drained. Then she bade her host 'good-bye,' and crawled home—to the garret where she heard the music of the ball; the garret where she prayed that the laughter would come up to her 'right at the end, before she died'!"

Janiaud finished the absinthe, and lurched to his feet; "That's all."

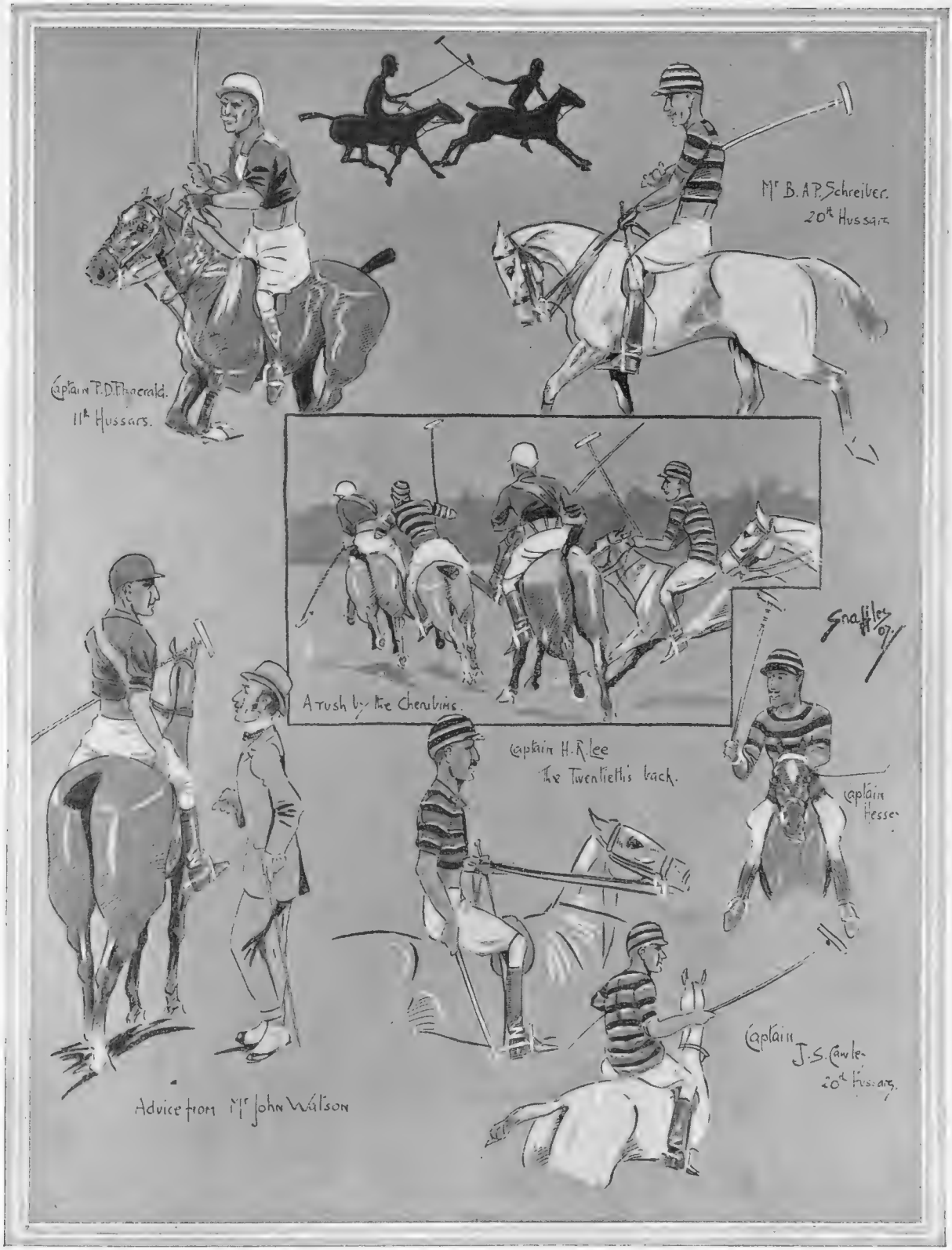
"Great Scott," said the Editor, "if he could only write in English! But—but it's very pitiable, she may starve there; something ought to be done. . . . Can you tell us where she is living, monsieur?"

The poet shrugged his shoulders. "Is there no satisfying you? You asked me for the history of the Loup Blanc; and there are things that even I do not know; however, I have done my best! I cannot say where the lady is living, but I can tell you where she was born." He pointed, with a drunken laugh, to his glass: "There!" LEONARD MERRICK.

Photo *Miss Spence*

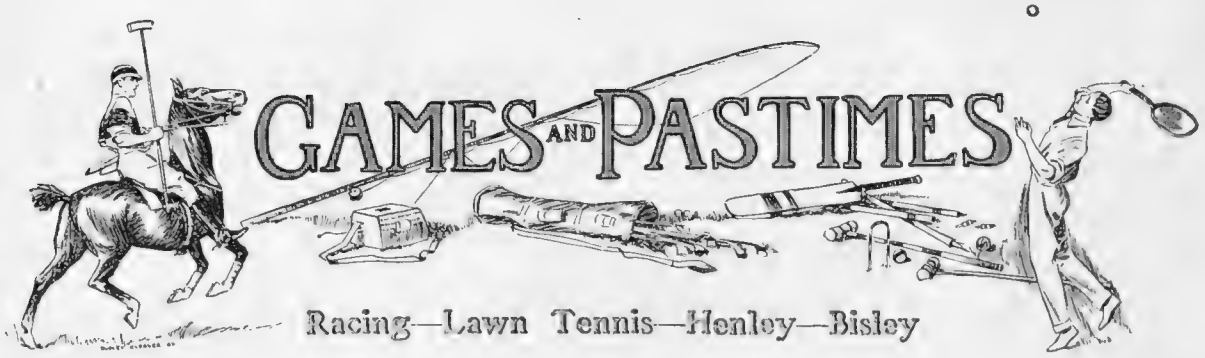
"NOW TWILIGHT LETS HER CURTAIN DOWN"

Polo at Hurlingham



SOME IMPRESSIONS AT THE INTER-REGIMENTAL FINAL

BY C. PAYNE



THE ECLIPSE STAKES

By "CARBINE"

Wool Winder at Lingfield

Some weeks ago people were saying what a poor lot of horses our three-year-olds are. But before the end of the season I think they will have to change that opinion. The idea got about, in the first place, when Polar Star failed so miserably for the Coronation Cup at Epsom. It has since been shown that Polar Star has gone all to pieces, and our three-year-olds must on no account be judged by his recent performances. If you were at Lingfield last week, you would not have thought so badly of the three-year-olds when Wool Winder decisively thrashed Troutbeck in the valuable race for which the pair were the only starters. True, Colonel Baird's colt had a pull in the weights, but he won so easily that the result would have been the same had the race been simply at weight for age.

Will He Beat Orby in the Leger?

In view of the St. Leger, less than two months ahead, it is satisfactory to see Wool Winder doing so well. We ought to see a great struggle at Doncaster on September 11. Many people argue that because Wool Winder finished so strongly at Epsom he is bound to beat Orby when they meet again over a longer course. If it happens so in the St. Leger, Mr. Croker's colt would not be the first Derby winner to find the Town Moor a bit beyond his compass. Personally, I believe in Orby. I consider he is quite capable of improving upon his Epsom form, and, all being well, I shall stick to him at Doncaster to beat Wool Winder and anything else opposed to him.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Leopardstown Races

The King watching the parade before the race for the Farmers' Royal Cup

The Eclipse at Sandown Park

The Eclipse Stakes at Sandown Park is always one of the great events of the racing season, both from the social and sporting standpoints. What magnificent struggles the race has provided since rare old Bendigo won it in its first year, twenty-one seasons back. I always recall the superb duel in the Eclipse between Ard Patrick and Sceptre, with Rock Sand beaten off, as one of the grandest things ever seen on a racecourse. Another notable Eclipse was when the French colt Val d'Or upset the odds laid on Cicero. I am much afraid that on Friday the event will not add a very important page to racing history. So far as can be judged at present, the race will not be nearly as exciting as those just mentioned, and everyone seems to have made up his mind that Sancy will win.

Sancy's Chance

Despite the one-sided appearance of the big race, there is certain to be a very big and fashionable gathering at Sandown Park, and if Sancy does win, his success will be popular, for Mr. "Billy" Bass is a big supporter of the Turf, and has not, so far, had very much luck. There is no doubt that Sancy, just now, is in very fine form, and though I fear it will be impossible to get much of a price about him, it would be absurd to ignore him on that account. If there is anything in the race capable of beating the favourite I think it will be Qu'appelle, which won in very impressive style at Ascot. The course may suit Bezonian, while Lally, on the strength of his Royal Hunt Cup success, will not be without supporters. Hillsprite, Gingal, and Lord Carton are other probable starters, but none of these threatens real danger, and the rich prize seems to be at the mercy of **Sancy.**

Other Sandown Races

Another valuable race is the National Breeders' Produce Stakes on Saturday, but here again the issue appears to be cut-and-dried, for I can see nothing likely to spoil the unbeaten record of **White Eagle.** It is just possible that one or two "dark" two-year-olds may be seen out in this event, but it is safest to trust to the public performers. On

the first day of the Sandown Meeting, Lord Rosebery has Traquair and Deal entered for the Surbiton Handicap, and I think he will score with the one selected, while the Great Kingston Race may be taken by **Anklang,** who is believed to be the best two-year-old in Sam Darling's stable, and is shortly to be sent back to Germany.

Newmarket Second July Meeting

On Wednesday the July Handicap may be won by **Nero,** while for the Summer Handicap on Thursday my selection is **Killeagh.** The Chesterfield Stakes promises to be an interesting race, and I rely upon **Sir Archibald,** who is an exceedingly smart youngster, to beat Popinjay, Norman III., and the rest.

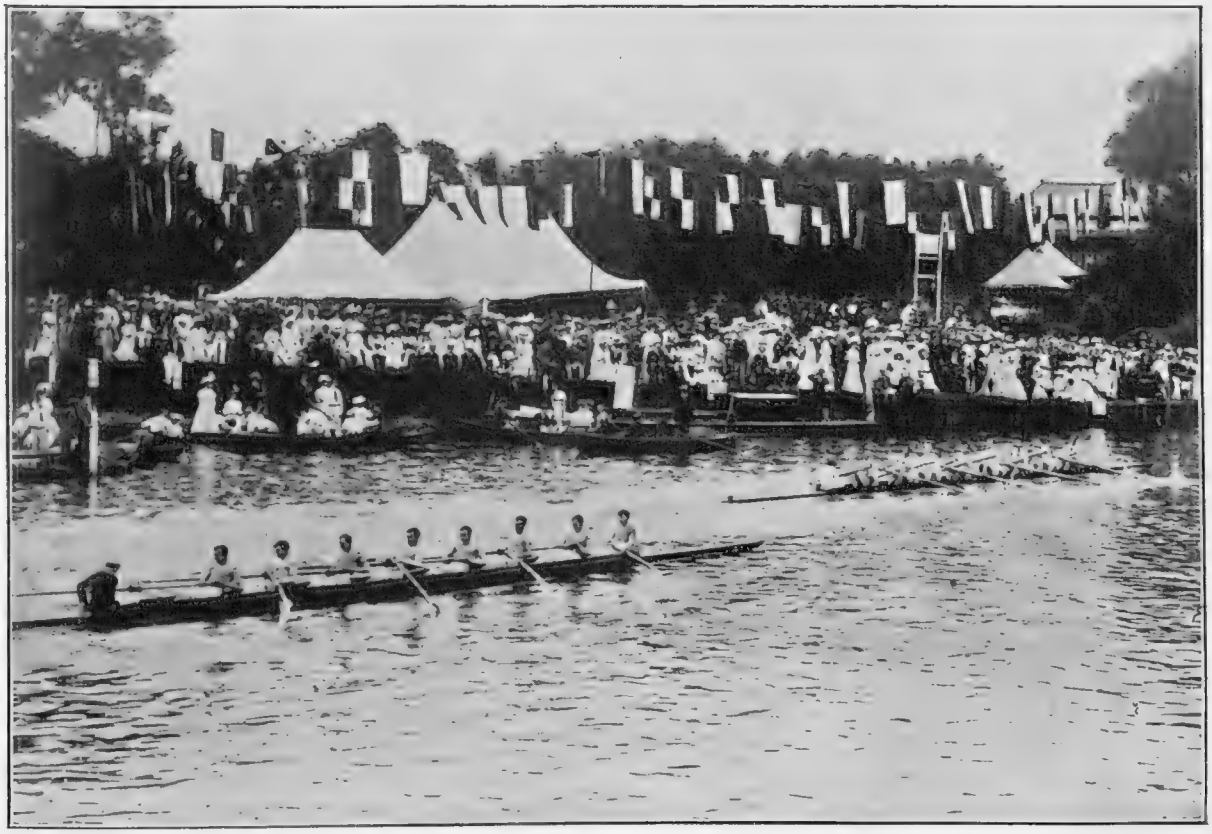
LAWN TENNIS

"And Echo Answers— *'Where are they?'"*

The season is half over; journalists with a taste for originality, anticipating the downfall of England in the Davis Cup as well as in the Championships, have already begun to talk about the ashes of English lawn tennis; and there are but faint indications of the rise of any young players of sufficient promise to justify the hope that the gap left by the retirement of the Dohertys will soon be filled. What are the reasons for this failure of the supply of first-class players, when the game is admittedly so prosperous? Of course, we all know one of them—the fact that lawn tennis is not a recognised public school game. But, then, it never has been; and yet England and Ireland in the past have produced men who have reached the top of the tree when quite young. The Dohertys themselves, the Baddeleys before them, Pim, Lewis, the Renshaws, the Chaytors, and many more, were in this category. Doubtless, all these men were, so to speak, ready-made champions, but even your ready-made champion must have time and scope for the full development of his latent powers; and I prefer to think, not that the race of champions is extinct, but that there is something which is impeding its development. What is it?

Overwork Stifles Improvement

My answer is that open tournament play no longer conduces to good play. In former days, if a man came to me and said, "How am I to improve my game?" I used to advise him to go in for open tournaments, and get hammered by better players than himself. Nowadays, I offer the same advice, but with less confidence, and with several important reservations, of which "Don't overdo it" is the first, and "Don't make a business of trying to win handicaps" is the second. At an ordinary tournament there are at least five or six events in which men can and do play; nor was there any particular harm in this when the entry lists were about half their present size; but nowadays, when it is no uncommon thing for these five or six events to average five or six rounds apiece, it is obvious that no man can attempt to play successfully in them all, and that the improving player who "stops in" is really getting far more work than is good for him, and, in fact, doing himself harm.



Kingston Regatta: The Thames Rowing Club beat Kingston in the Final for the Kingston Grand Challenge Cup

Photo Knight

The New Pointed Bullet

Manufactured by Kynoch's, which has been such a success at Bisley. On the right is one of the old Government bullets

Afterthoughts on Henley

Although, as I remarked last week, the general quality of the rowing at Henley was only middling, there was one very satisfactory and encouraging feature in the Regatta—namely, the unusually large number of young oarsmen who took part in it. The two Universities are our principal schools of rowing, and there were no less than fifteen College clubs represented, eight from Cambridge and seven from Oxford. Whether these crews were successful or not, they all gained a great deal of invaluable experience and instruction, and if they contained a fair proportion of freshmen and second year men, the general standard in next year's Summer Eights ought to be high, and the two Presidents should have plenty of good material for the Trial Eights in the autumn, and for the 'Varsity crews of 1908. And I should like to make an appeal to all the men who have just gone down not to abandon serious rowing altogether, but to join the great Metropolitan clubs — London, Thames, and Kingston — as so many 'Varsity men used to do a few years ago. Rowing is not inconsistent with the serious business of life. If you can get down to Putney by six, you can have some really good exercise every week-day from Easter till August, and even if you cannot spare the time for a Henley training, you will get plenty of fun at the smaller Regattas on Saturday afternoons in July. By so doing you will not only help the cause of English rowing, but will also lay up a store of future good health for yourselves.

SHOOTING AT BISLEY

The Bisley Meeting

The gales and rain to which we have become accustomed this summer were in full force during the first days of the Bisley Meeting; but, uncomfortable as the conditions were, they were by no means incompatible with straight shooting, as the scores in the match-rifle competitions showed. Many people imagine that shooting is most difficult when there is a strong wind blowing across the range and deflecting the bullet far from its course; but such a wind is often steady, and, even if it is not, the shooter has only to allow for changes in its *strength*—an art which is comparatively easy to learn. The real bugbears are "fish-tail" winds and mirage, the former being winds which blow straight up and down the range, with occasional local puffs from either side, so that if two consecutive shots are fired, apparently under exactly the same conditions, one may go to the right of the target and the other to the left. Mirage is the state of things on a blazing, windless day, when, owing to refraction, the target sometimes appears to be several feet higher than it really is and sometimes in its proper position, while at the same time it quivers and shimmers in the haze till it is almost impossible to get a proper sight of the bull.

The New Bullet

Up to the present, the most interesting feature of the meeting has been the new long-pointed bullet, which is said to be infinitely better than any previous invention, both in velocity and accuracy. Most of the match-rifle men express themselves delighted with it, but it will require a much more extended trial before its superiority can be regarded as proved. For mere accuracy, when the range is exactly known, I doubt whether anything has ever come up to the old muzzle-loading match-rifle, loaded with black powder and a very heavy bullet. The heavier the projectile, the more steadily it will fly, and I believe that nearly all the new bullets have been considerably heavier than the service pattern, and so have possessed a natural advantage quite apart from their shape. The question of the powder has also to be considered. It is only within the last year or two that smokeless powders have been discovered which are at all comparable with black powder in regularity of action, and there are grounds for believing that "Axite," the one which is being most used this year, is the best of the lot. To make a fair comparison between the two bullets they must be of the same weight, and be fired out of the same rifle with the same charge of the same powder. And if the new bullet is to be adopted by the Government, that powder must be Cordite, which, although not ideal for target shooting, has proved itself superior to all others for naval and military purposes, being practically unaffected by storage and extremes of temperature, and giving equally good results in a Canadian winter and an Indian summer.

Tom Hayward

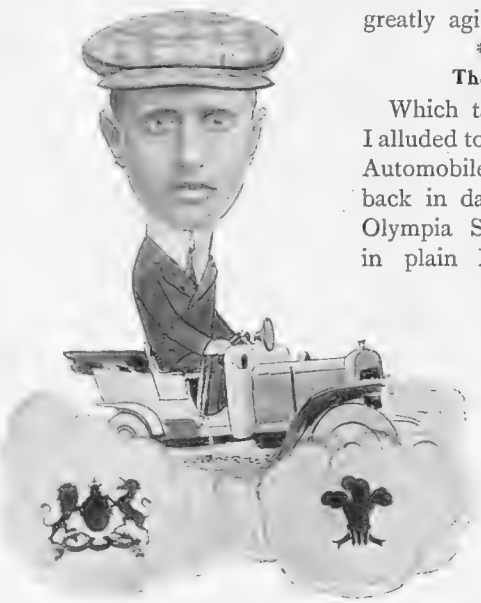
Who carried out his bat for 146 in the Gentlemen *v.* Players match at Lord's last week, thus completing his first 1,000 runs for the season

Automobile Topics.

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

French Sportsmen and the Grand Prix

The Grand Prix race is somewhat *vieux jeu* now, but the winner having been an Italian driver on an Italian car, the sequel is important. As is generally known, the French competitors took their defeat badly. Scarcely a cheer was raised when Nazzaro, on a Fiat, having plenty in hand, beat Szisz on a Renault; the band, in a sulky mood, waded through the Italian National Anthem, but rushed to give vent to their feelings in the "Marseillaise"; while, finally, the manufacturers in France, who had entered twenty-four cars against fourteen of all other nationalities combined, have agreed that motor-racing is a poor game, and talk of abandoning the race. The French have always looked upon themselves as the aristocracy of the world of automobilism, and with justification, but, unfortunately for France, other nations have profited by her sons' genius, with the result that the Fiat and Itala cars in Italy, the Mercédès in Germany, the Napier, Daimler, and Rolls-Royce in England, are equal to the best of her productions. The French are very bad losers. When the conditions of the Gordon Bennett contest prevented France from entering a largely preponderating number of cars, she withdrew from the race, which was, in consequence, abandoned. Now that she has, in its second year of institution, lost the Grand Prix, although her chances were 6 to 1 on as against any other country, her manufacturers are greatly agitated.



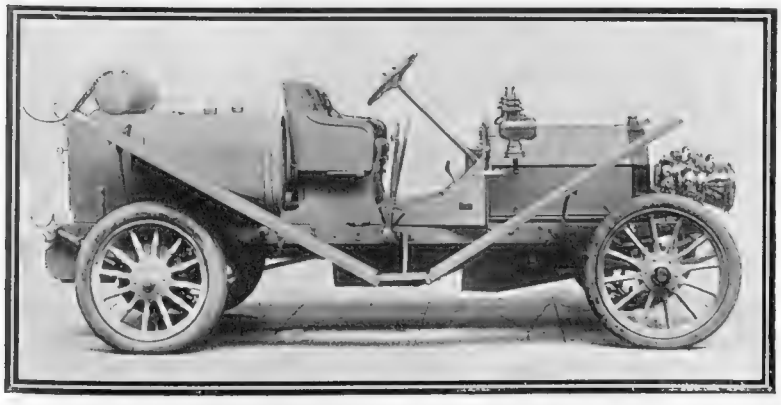
Car-icature—No. XXXV.: Mr. E. M. C. Instone
"Brother" Instone, as he is known among his intimates, though one of the most youthful-looking of motorists, is the manager of the Daimler Company. At the opening of Brooklands, he won the Gottlieb-Daimler Memorial Plate on a 45 h.-p. Daimler car
(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

* * *

The Paris Exhibition

Which takes me back to the sequel I alluded to. This year the Grand Palais Automobile Show is to be brought back in date so as to clash with the Olympia Show in London, because, in plain English, the French have got an attack of the nerves. Though pioneers of the automobile industry, they see their enormous monopoly—for so, without exaggeration, it might well have been termed a few years ago—dwindling into a losing competition against Italian, German, English, and Belgian manufacturers. They still export a good quantity of cars to these countries, it is true, but the demand has largely decreased, until to-day they have to seek their markets in other quarters of the globe, such as South America. In England the value of French imported cars reaches but a small figure compared to what was the case three or four years back. The Olympia Exhibition, held in November, has doubtless cut deep into the Grand Palais Show, and so the industry in France, by making the date of their exhibition clash with ours, hopes to cripple the London one. It is extremely unlikely that it will do any such thing. The British market is a fine one, practically as yet untapped, for motoring in England is but in its infancy, and the average Briton believes in British work and British engineering, with very good reason.

16-20 H.-P. SUNBEAM, side entrance, 1906, Cape cart hood, £350; 8 H.-P. RENAULT, detachable tonneau, £110; and nine other Cars.—CORRY HURFORD, LTD. (379 Mayfair), 171, Great Portland Street, W. (Cars run by the year.)



The Leading Car in the Pekin-Paris Race
Prince Scipio Borghese's Itala, which has, up to the present, outstripped the other competitors in the exciting race from Pekin to Paris
(*From a photograph lent by the Itala Automobiles, Ltd., 89, Wigmore Street, W.*)

Learn to understand a Motor before you buy one, then you are not in the hands of Chauffeurs or Dealers. Special private lessons for Ladies or Gentlemen. — HANOVER MOTOR INSTITUTE, 6E, GEORGE STREET, HANOVER SQUARE, W.

The Fifty-Guinea Argyll Cup

One of these cups is being offered monthly, during July, August, and September, by the Argyll Company for the most meritorious performance of any description achieved by an Argyll car

The Future of Brooklands

Before Brooklands can be a public success, several improvements are needed. The course wants clearing in places, so that the spectators' view is not obstructed, the cars want to carry more prominent numbers, and the drivers' colours must be distinctive and clear, while, finally, to ensure a genuine interest, betting is necessary. Now, this last very important point has to be faced. Is betting to be allowed, or is it not? Whether the club is "a place within the meaning of the Act" I leave it to the lawyers to decide, but if it is not, I believe it will not receive that meed of support which the proprietors require. If betting is permissible there, I humbly suggest that an attempt should be made to institute the totalisator. The bookmakers at the first meeting laid ridiculous odds, while the totalisator is not only mathematically correct in its odds, but is a genuine payer, and with so many welshers about in these days, that is something. I go so far as to say that if the proprietors could institute the totalisator at Brooklands its prosperity, as far as the support of the public is concerned, would be assured.

* * *

The other side of the Brooklands racing question has been given prominence by Mr. Charles Jarrott. I allude to his charge against certain competitors who used oxygen for the purpose of getting up extra spurts. Mr. Jarrott's letter lies before me as I write. He asks: "With the object of making good racing, certain limitations of engine-size are imposed for each race, but if we are going to have this artificial method of obtaining increased power allowed, what is the good of trying to classify cars?" What, indeed? As Mr. Jarrott also remarks, "The curse of commercialism touches all things." It does. One cannot blind one's self to the fact that the word sport is the worst abused word in our vocabulary, and at Brooklands, in the races held on Saturday week, sport *quâ* sport was non-existent among the competitors. It was to them grim hard business, and no one in the "paddock" could have imagined for a moment that any other feeling than that of business had inspired the various competitors, with perhaps one or two exceptions. If private owners enter their private cars, or persons unconnected with the trade enter and race them, sport may enter into it, but not until. But of this more anon.—COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Miscellanea

We publish a picture of the Itala car Prince Scipio Borghese is driving in the Pekin to Paris race. The Prince has led from the beginning, and now, having got through the worst of the route, ought, failing any unlooked-for calamity, to win.

The Darracq car has a world-wide reputation, and though a car of the highest grade, is yet within the reach of the man of moderate means. Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., Ltd., 483, Oxford Street, W., ask us to draw our readers attention to

WM. COLE AND SONS, LTD., KENSINGTON DISTRICT. New Garage always open. Repairs to all makes. First-class Cars for Hire.—235, Hammersmith Road, and 92, High Street, Kensington. Telephone: 3533 Western.

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Photo *Topical Agency*

Miss Dorothy Levitt driving Mr. Warwick Wright's Minerva car in the recent South Harting Hill Climb

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Times" system of extended payments applied to the purchase of Motor-Cars without any additional charge to manufacturers' catalogue price. - - - - - - - -

Messrs. Huntley Walker and Co., Ltd., have now completed arrangements with one of the leading London Banks, which enable them to extend the "TIMES" system of Easy Payments for the purchase of any 1907 Model of any of the three well-known makes of Cars, the DARRACQ, MINERVA, and WEIGEL, without any additional charge to the manufacturers' catalogue price of these cars. The payments can be extended over periods of 3, 6, 9, 12, or 18 months, or even Two Years, to suit the convenience of the Purchaser.

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THE SEVEREST ON RECORD.

In Classes 1, 2, and 3, thirty-six cars started from Glasgow, but

THE ONLY ABSOLUTE NON-STOPS

were made by

12-14 h.p. and 14-16 h.p.

ARGYLLS

The 14-16 h.p. Argyll AS A HILL CLIMBER. CAIRN O'MOUNT—fastest in Class (The severest hill climb of the trial.)

The only cars costing less than £525 to secure absolute non-stops in the Scottish Reliability Trials were ARGYLLS 14-16 h.p. and 12-14 h.p., costing **£375** and **£340** respectively.

16-20 h.p., £475 *26-30 h.p., £575*

SEND FOR NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

"ARGYLL MOTORS," LTD., Alexandria, by Glasgow.

LONDON AGENT: "Argylls, London," Ltd., 17, Newman Street, W.

their deferred payments scheme without any extra charge. A man purchasing a £299 Darracq, or a more expensive model, can, by paying the first £100, extend the remaining payments over a period of from three months to two years. Immediate delivery is assured, and Mr. Huntley Walker, who is the sole concessionnaire for Great Britain for heavy, and agent for light, cars, will give every facility to any reader who approaches him.

The Benz Company, after their win of the Herkomer Trophy, have had such an excess of business that they had to cancel their arrangements to run in the Scottish Reliability Trials, and have had to devote their entire time to supplying the demand. The Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association, of Shaftesbury Avenue, expect, however, delivery of several of the latest chassis shortly. Early application is necessary.

We give a picture of the Humber West-End depôt at 60-64, Brompton Road, recently opened for the convenience of their many West-End clients. The premises are most luxurious, and rank in decoration and comfort among the first which mark the commercial greatness of Imperial London.

An interesting departure has recently been instituted by Messrs. A. Gaal and Company, 17, Hanover Square, W. The firm has now in full running order a motor-car service between London and Paris, and return every week-end, using for that purpose 35-40 h.-p. Westinghouse cars, with special and luxurious limousine bodies. Two cars are used, one taking passengers to the boat at Folkestone, and the other, which picks them up (we do not use the word literally, we hope) on landing. The charge is £12 12*s.* return, including first-class boat fares; and, it should be added, that the cars can be closed in unfavourable weather, and open when fine. Passengers leave the garage at 7.45 a.m., arrive at Beauvais at 6 p.m., where an hour is spent for dinner, and finally reach Paris at 9 o'clock the same night. It is a trip worth taking.

Certain sections of the motoring world are setting their faces against contests in which the element of speed is the predominant factor. Chief among these is the house of "Argyll," who, though willing to compete in true reliability trials, will no longer support other contests. But "Argyll Motors," Ltd., have a competition scheme which should prove welcome both to their army of agents and the hundreds of motorists who use their cars. During the months of July, August, and September, they offer monthly cups, each of the value of fifty guineas, for the most meritorious performance of any description — speed record, hill-climbing feat, long-distance record, or what not—and this will be open to all "Argyll" cars, no matter where or when bought. A special prize of another fifty-guinea cup is also offered for the best performance during these three months of any car purchased after the date of this announcement. The scheme is a novel one, and has much to recommend it. We give a photograph of one of the cups on another page.

Car-icature—No. XXXV.: Mr. E. M. C. Instone

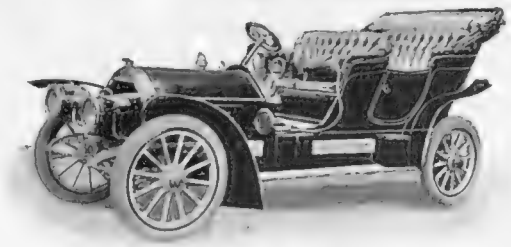
"Brother" Instone, as he is known among his intimates, is one of the most youthful-looking motorists of eminence. In fact, strangers who are unacquainted with Mr. Instone personally are always greatly at a loss to reconcile the boyish countenance and slim, slight figure with the records which stand to the credit of the owner thereof. Mr. Instone joined the Daimler Motor Company in 1896, and now occupies the responsible position of manager of that important concern. As a driver, he is fearless, judicious, and considerate; and at the opening meeting of the Brooklands track a fortnight ago he—quite appropriately—won the Gottlieb-Daimler Memorial Plate on a 45 h.-p. Daimler car. Mr. Instone took part in the historic London to Brighton run in 1896, when "Emancipation Day" was celebrated; and on August 10, 1897, he assisted at the official opening of the Automobile Club, now the Royal Automobile Club. In 1897 Mr. Instone gave a private demonstration of automobiles before his Majesty the King—then Prince of Wales—in the grounds of Buckingham Palace, and it was mainly owing to this demonstration that the Daimler Company secured the Royal Warrant to purvey motor-cars to the King and the Prince and Princess of Wales. An all-round sportsman, a prince of good fellows, always genial and optimistic about the future of the motor industry, "Brother" Instone is regarded by all who know him as "one of the best." D. M.

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

A Palatial Showroom: The new Brompton Road Depôt of Messrs. Humber, Ltd.

"VINOT"

CONVINCING PROOF OF
—"VINOT"—
RELIABILITY.



16-24 h.p. TOURING CAR, £525.

SCOTTISH RELIABILITY TRIALS.

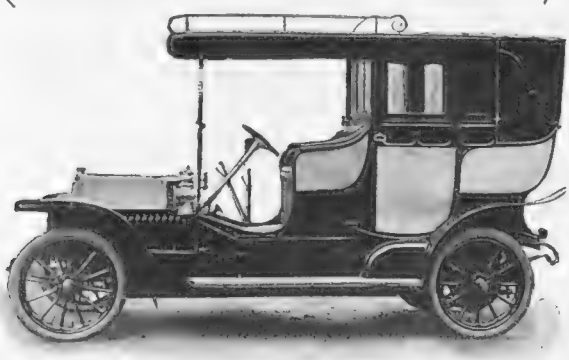
THE extraordinary record made by the 24-32 h.p. "VINOT" Car at the recent Scottish Reliability Trials has stamped it as THE CAR OF SUPERIORITY AND PERFECTION.

THE "VINOT" CAR ACCOMPLISHED ABSOLUTE NON-STOP RUNS ON ALL FIVE DAYS WITHOUT ANY HITCH WHATEVER.

Out of 96 cars competing only 11 made absolute non-stop runs.

Although time was allowed for the adjustment of brakes, this was not found necessary on the "VINOT" Car. No water was added on any of the five days, and only half a pint had been lost throughout the Trials.

The Car used in these Trials was of the ordinary Standard Touring type.



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1905 Absolute non-stop runs throughout. No mechanical trouble.

1906 Absolute non-stop runs throughout. No mechanical trouble.

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GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Open Championship Regulations

Most of those who have written about the Open Championship have expressed a favourable opinion on the New Regulations under which it was played for the first time this year. One or two, more daring than the rest, have ventured on some mild criticism of details, and have suggested some minor alterations, but in the main the general body of opinion appears favourable. I shall be, therefore, I fear, in a very small minority when I express my emphatic opinion that the regulations in their present form are grossly unfair, and that they ought to be drastically altered. I will attack them, therefore, first on the score of their unfairness.

The Luck of the Draw

I take it that the main object which any proper system should keep in view is the minimising of the luck of the draw so that all competitors, so far as possible, should start and play under similar conditions. Now, how do the new regulations work from this point of view? Well, I have only to sum up the present system in a plain statement to ensure its condemnation by any impartial critic. Half the competitors, by the luck of the draw, play on the first qualifying day, and therefore get the immense benefit of a clear day's rest on the next day before entering on the arduous task of the four rounds of the Championship proper. The unfortunate individuals who are in the second half of the draw have to play their qualifying and Championship rounds on three consecutive days, without any break of a day's rest. Tested by this year's competition, the unfairness of the system was absolutely glaring. The conditions of the first qualifying day were much easier than that of the second day; this is proved by the difference in the qualifying totals of the two days. On Tuesday a score of 165 qualified, while on Wednesday one of 170 entitled the player to inclusion, a difference of five strokes. I mention this so as to emphasise the greater difficulty of the second day. As a matter of fact, the two rounds of Wednesday, played for the greater part of the course against an absolute wall of wind, were extremely exhausting to the players. Their lucky brethren of the top half of the draw were able to nurse their energies on that day, and came perfectly fresh to their great task on Thursday. Wednesday's players got only the night's rest. This surely can be easily altered.

An Alternative

Let the qualifying rounds be started on the Monday, continued on the Tuesday, and let there be a *dies non* on Wednesday. This would ensure a day's rest for the second division, and bring all qualified competitors fresh to the post on the Thursday. The top half would still have a slight advantage by getting two days' rest as compared with one for the lower half, but this is a mere nothing in comparison with the pull they get under the present system. In conjunction with this alteration I also advocate the abolition of the International match. Both the International matches are out of place at their present dates. They are not wanted during the Amateur or Open Championship Meetings. Remove them to some other date, make them an important separate fixture, add to their attraction, if you wish, by constituting them on a basis analogous to the Lawn Tennis Dwight Davis International Cup competition, but do not let them cumber the ground as they do at present. They are eminent examples in their present position of the right thing in the wrong place. As a consequence, they have degenerated into a glorified picnic, no one—hardly even the players themselves—caring a jot as to the result of the match.

Another Plan

Another system has been suggested, by a writer in the *Field*, which obviates the necessity of the extra day involved in my suggestion. This system would provide that each set of players should play one round on Tuesday and another round on Wednesday. This is possibly a little more complicated, but it would bring all the players into absolute equality in point of rest. Personally, I do not like the present system at all. On the two qualifying days play started at nine, and, with intervals of five minutes, players were starting from the first tee continuously until five p.m. This throws an immense strain on the officials of the Club, and turns the competition into a veritable nightmare of scoring. So far, the new system has not diminished the entries. A slight addition to this year's numbers would involve a third qualifying day. When that happens, the luck of the draw will be still more intensified. Surely the Championship authorities can devise some fresh system which will lighten the burden both for players and officials. For my own poor part, I am more convinced than ever that a fundamental alteration in the Championship constitution is necessary, which shall introduce the element of match play as an integral part of the system.

Ernest Lehmann

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The Effects of the Season

In every garden there should be some shady retreat, and if it be in proximity to water, it will be the more delightful on at least a few days in an ordinary summer. Such a summer, however, we have not had this year, and the effects of the absence of sunshine, the low temperature, and the abundance of moisture are seen on every side. Peas, which ordinarily grow about 6 ft., have, in some cases, reached a height of 10 ft.; potato plots are a tangle of rank foliage; herbaceous perennials and annuals, which generally have plenty of space in the borders, seem bent on smothering one another, especially as many have been beaten down by high wind and heavy rain. Some of the annuals must come out to make more room for the permanent occupants, and the latter must be thinned. Indeed, thinning will be necessary almost everywhere. Unless it is done, fruit and flowers will be scanty next year. Growth is very soft and sappy, and the only way to give it a chance of ripening is to let in as much light and air as possible. Weeds have had an unusually good time; and if the want of sunshine has delayed seeding, it has been impossible to get rid of them by means of the hoe alone. If they have not been collected and taken off the ground, they have been, in a few days after having been cut down, as lively as ever. And, like weeds, insects of all kinds have been, and still are, extraordinarily numerous, fruit trees and bushes, roses and many other plants being infested with them. There is only one remedy — spraying with some good insecticide—but in a season like the present it must be repeated again and again to be effective.

Propagating Roses and Pinks

The propagation of many plants is now in progress. The budding of roses is interesting work, and, after a little practice, may easily be performed by any amateur. It may be done at any time after the sap begins to run freely, so that the bark can be separated from the wood without difficulty, the present month being generally chosen for the purpose. The only difficulty is to remove the little piece of wood adhering to the soft bud taken off from the scion. This may be effected by taking hold of its lower edge and giving a sharp downward twitch, when the wood will come away, leaving the bud in the hollow of the shield-shaped bark. If the bark of the stock is then slit downwards and across at the top, the edges of the slit may be raised, and the bud inserted, and tied firmly, but not tightly, in position. The operation should be performed as expeditiously as possible, for the sap on the wounded surfaces of the bud and the scion must not be allowed to dry. If hot, dry weather should follow, it might be advisable to shade the bud. Pinks make a beautiful edging for beds or borders, but as the plants deteriorate when they grow old, they should be propagated afresh every few years. Cuttings or pipings, as they are called, will soon root if they are inserted firmly in sandy soil in a shaded position as soon as they can be obtained. In autumn they may be transferred where they are wanted.

H. C. Davidson.

The Effects of the Season: Beds of luxuriant and untidy growth

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Notwithstanding the weather, the season, socially speaking, has been the best we have had for years, and "cures" have been conscientiously earned. The lassitude occasioned by too many Ritz lunches, Savoy dinners, Carlton suppers, and teas at Rumpelmayer's, is a leading pose of the moment. At the same time, so far as fair femininity is concerned, there is little outward sign of their internal deterioration. Generally speaking, eyes are as bright, skins as unblemished, and sprightliness of carriage as unimpaired, as at the commencement of the fray.

Crême de Japon Cie, 13 and 14, New Bond Street

A rendezvous, eagerly and regularly sought, is the Japon Cie. Operations have been commencing unusually early there, when tired, faded-eyed women wander in to have the "Vibro" treatment. To describe the effect of this as miraculous affords but a superficial idea of the wonders worked. Apart from the peculiarly skilful handling of the "Vibro" instrument itself, there is the Japon Crême, which is previously applied to the face in generous profusion, and which, when worked in by the gently, but firmly applied vibrating pressure, actually bleaches the skin, and renders it absolutely pure and free of all blemishes.

One learns from those who have had big experience, that Crême de Japon can be used with impunity three and four times a day. In fact, it is at all times preferable to water, as it leaves the skin in a perfectly natural condition; and since it is guaranteed free of all deleterious substances, such as vaseline and glycerine, every fear may be dispelled as regards the promotion of the growth of hairs. It is universally admitted by experts that this *crême* has come as a real boon, and the Company responsible for its production have every reason heartily to congratulate themselves on its exclusive possession.

Quite remarkable results, moreover, are being secured with the lotion, particularly in the case of acne and blackheads, both of which disappear as snow before the sun under the application, and without any pressure or discomfort. Then the moist, oily condition of the skin familiar to all keen motorists is immediately dispelled by a single application. Much, also, may be learnt from the methods in force at the pretty luxurious little *salon* in Bond Street, where fresh sponges, cloths, and even powder-puffs are employed for every fresh client. This is, indeed, hygiene carried to a fine point. Considerable success, too, is attending a thinning tea, surely an ideal method of disposing of undue adipose tissue; while what is termed an incident, albeit one demanding close attention, is some perfectly lovely lingerie, Parisian and persuasive in every particular, model pieces that are passing under the insidious sale *régime* for the month.

Photo *Reutlinger*

The Correct Pose of the Hat

There is a slight backward tendency in the pose, but it is subordinated to the contour of the face, while the hair is built up at the side to support the brim

Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street

Never was a surmise more completely justified than that, in postponing their sale until the close of the London season, Messrs. Marshall were meeting the wishes of the majority of their clientele. It is wholly impossible, in the middle of her multifarious duties, for the Society woman to follow up sale seductions, and women who are scornfully indifferent to other clearances hold an entirely different opinion where Marshall's is concerned. This is always such a genuine disposal of stock at liberal reductions, a feat successfully performed in fifteen days.

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season in the "Iona," which can be had in either navy or cream serge, the upper part lined silk. 68*s.* 6*d.* is the price, and the cut and finish are beyond reproach.

Given that you are of the amiable stock size, costumes, as usual, form a prominent seduction. An alpaca skirt and bolero suggests itself a justified holiday purchase at 78*s.* 6*d.*, exceptional value being provided in a lace robe with bodice piece, in white or *écru*, reduced to 29*s.* 6*d.* Perhaps one of the greatest temptations here is the trimming counter, undreamt-of bargains falling to the owner of sharp eyes and keen perceptions; and just what trimming represents in the world of dress at the moment, it is superfluous to say. A lot of *chêne* ribbons, very rich quality, have dropped from 4*s.* 9*d.* to 2*s.* 5*d.* the yard, the loveliest soft *faille* ribbon, in a large variety of shades, being marked 1*s.* Nor for silk bargains is there any sale like Marshall's. The black foundation quality at 1*s.* 9*d.* is a sound investment, fully half price prevailing in some sweetly pretty striped and checked silks, 250 dress lengths of fourteen yards, in figured taffeta, surahs, and satins, clearing at from 45*s.* 6*d.* to 63*s.* the dress.

A very special line in the outfitting is a full-sized fancy *moirette* petticoat at 11*s.* 6*d.*, all soiled lingerie being marked down with the utmost liberality. Special attention is directed to the millinery department, where extra reductions are arranged on French models, a true temptation, although everything, even to hair ornaments and floral posies, are subjected to a big drop. Under no pretext whatever is Marshall's sale to be missed.

An Original Design for a Bathing Costume

The initial garment is of black stockingette, above which is adjusted a short circular skirt and bolero of blue galatea

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

About Bathing Attire

Now this seems a somewhat imminent matter, and with no desire to depreciate the efforts of our leading establishments to cover the question in adequate manner, it seems to me there are still just a few unventilated arguments worthy to be recorded. Among the favoured fabrics I note bunting, a material that certainly boasts qualities of resisting character, although it has not, at present, surpassed alpaca in general esteem. An unrelieved black alpaca suit, worn with black stockings and a coloured silk handkerchief-cap, is extremely *chic*. And, so far as it is safe to prophesy, I surmise the palm of the year will go to these simple individual efforts. On one all-black alpaca dress, arranged with yoke and sleeves modelled in one, relief will be afforded by one large gilt button on either shoulder, where an entrance is effected, and a gold *galon* belt. With this there will be worn a black-and-white striped silk cap.

A very distinctly original inspiration is afforded in the accompanying sketch. The initial garment is the regulation swimming dress of black stockingette, above which is adjusted a short circular skirt and bolero of blue galatea, the latter hemmed with silk. The swimming girl is the rule rather than the exception nowadays, and it is really her intrepidity that is at the root of all these radical changes, engendered primarily in the cause of practicability. In the hideous old-time garment, swimming was a wholly impossible feat, and I have good reason to believe that, at several of the representative foreign watering-places, English visitors will far outshine French *habituées* alike in elegance and reason.

Flat Contradictions

In many counsellors there is bewilderment indeed. So, notwithstanding a possible reprimand for constantly twanging the same string, I wish to reiterate a remark offered a few weeks back, that the best Parisian *élégantes* are *not* wearing their hats aggressively at the back of their heads. There is the slight backward tendency, it is true, but this is invariably subordinated to the contour of the face, and the hair is always deftly built up at the side and back to support the brim there. The droop right on to the shoulder that one hears of—and alas! for our artistic sense, frequently witnesses here—is entirely a monopoly of the half-world in Paris—the *vraie élégante* will have none of it, and has elected, in lieu of this bizarre pose, one shown with considerable accuracy in the photograph on the other page. The shape is a *mordoré* straw, trimmed shaded feathers, and a drapery of very pale *groseille* Liberty ribbon.

The Vogue for Cretonne

As a decorative feature, cretonne is not as wholly new as some would have us believe. It was originally exploited a few years ago, but to-day it stands in accepted prominence. As a finish to summer washing dress-fabrics, it is immensely sympathetic, the floral pattern for that purpose being cut out, and worked on to the ground of the gown, with a light over or chain stitch. To filet lace, also, is an *appliqué* frequently applied, while as a relieving touch to vest and revers, cretonne *motifs*, in some light trailing design, it comes as a veritable boon.